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THE GEORGES.

As the statues of these beloved monarchs are to be put up in the parliament palace—we have been favored by a young lady (connected with the court) with copies of the inscriptions which are to be engraven under the image of those Stars of Brunswick.

GEORGE THE FIRST—STAR OF BRUNSWICK.

He preferred Hanover to England,
He preferred two hideous Mistresses
To a beautiful and innocent Wife.
He hated Arts and despised Literature;
But He liked train-oil in his salads,
And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters.
And he had Walpole as a Minister:
Consistent in his Preference for every kind of Corruption.

GEORGE II.

In most things I did as my father had done,
I was false to my wife and I hated my son:
My spending was small and my avarice much,
My kingdom was English, my heart was High Dutch:
At Dettingen fight I was known not to blench,
I butchered the Scotch, and I bearded the French:
I neither had morals, nor manners, nor wit:
I was n't much missed when I died in a fit.
Here set up my statue, and make it complete—
With Pitt on his knees at my dirty old feet.

GEORGE III.

Give me a royal niche—it is my due,
The virtuouslest king the realm e'er knew.
I, through a decent reputable life,
Was constant to plain food and a plain wife.
Ireland I risked, and lost America;
But dined on legs of mutton every day.

My brain, perhaps, might be a feeble part;
But yet I think I had an English heart.

When all the kings were prostrate, I alone
Stood face to face against Napoleon;

Nor ever could the ruthless Frenchman forge
A fetter for Old England and Old George;

I let loose flaming Nelson on his fleets;
I met his troops with Wellesley's bayonets.

Triumphant waved my flag on land and sea:
Where was the king in Europe like to me?

Monarchs exiled found shelter on my shores;
My bounty rescued kings and emperors.

But what boots victory by land or sea?
What boots that kings found refuge at my knee?

I was a conqueror, but yet not proud;
And careless, even though Napoleon bow'd.

The rescued kings came kiss my garments' hem:
The rescued kings I never heeded them.

My guns roar'd triumph, but I never heard:
All England thrilled with joy, I never stirred.

What care had I of pomp, or fame, or power—
A crazy old blind man in Windsor Tower?

GEORGIUS ULTIMUS.

He left an example for age and for youth
To avoid.

He never acted well by Man or Woman,
And was as false to his Mistress as to his Wife.

He deserted his Friends and his Principles.
He was so Ignorant that he could scarcely Spell;

But he had some Skill in Cutting out Coats,
And an undeniable Taste for Cookery.

He built the Palaces of Brighton and of Bucking-
ham,

And for these Qualities and Proofs of Genius,
An admiring Aristocracy

Christened him the "First Gentleman in Europe."
Friends, respect the king whose statue is here,
And the generous aristocracy who admired him.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

THE HEART'S LONGINGS ON LOOKING AT THE WORLD.

WEALTH!—oh! that I had wealth!
 To be the bounteous giver
 Of good and blessed things,
 And bear, on Plenty's wings,
 Joy, flowing like a river!
 To see the pale lip quiver
 Of hunger, pain and woe,
 In new and grateful gladness!
 To mark the warm tear flow,
 No more the tear of sadness!
 To bless the pining seed
 Of squalidness and toil
 That drags on earth's cold soil,
 With labor's generous meed!
 Oh! my pent soul is burning
 To place in each thin hand
 Its lawful, rightful earning,
 Withheld in Christian land!
 To clothe Want's shivering limbs,
 To see the poor man righted,
 To wake the cheerful hymns
 Of industry required!

Strength!—oh! that I had strength!
 To rouse the spirits up,
 In lethargy that mope
 O'er their own good or ill,
 To others' callous still!
 To stir the wave of mind,
 To bid the tide of feeling
 Through thousand bosoms stealing,
 Flow for our suffering kind!
 Or, when my full heart grows
 Heavy with aching thought
 Of life's unnumbered woes,—
 To know that I had taught
 One spirit to awake,
 One breast with deepened tone
 To feel—to weep—to ache!—
 Nor weep and ache alone,
 But act—and speak—and move
 In suffering's cause of weakness!
 Lab'ring 'mid works of love,
 With truth and virtue's meekness!

Power!—would that I had power!
 To shake the hearts of stone
 That in pride's moated castles
 Sit selfishly alone!
 Heedless earth's cry of sorrowing
 From those who faint and toil,
 Scarce from stern grandeur borrowing
 A *breathing* on its soil!
 To spread, o'er land and sea,
 The arm of strong protection,
 Where'er the helpless be,
 Of every clime's complexion!
 To shield the homeless poor
 Who droop in trembling sorrow,
 Whose part, to-day—to-morrow,
 Is *ever—to endure!*
 And where the weeping willow
 Of sadness now is seen,
 To plant the bright evergreen,
 And joy's fresh rose to guide!
 His silken, downy pillow

To take from pamper'd pride:
 To win from rich-robed pleasure
 Her hoards of idle treasure,
 And make, of gold and gems,
 Abiding diadems!
 Such as on angel-brow
 Might rest—illum'd the while
 With God's benignant smile,
 And heaven's responding glow!

I have not wealth: Thou know'st it,
 Thou—who hast given me bread:
 Power!—Strength!—I cannot boast it:
 Oh! aching heart and head,
 What can ye do for sorrow!
 What can ye do to bless
 This world, whose each to-morrow
 Ne'er makes its suffering less!
 Alas! not these possessing,
 My lowly prayer must rise
 Up to that God, whose blessing
 Marks each mute sacrifice,
 That *He* my soul would keep
 From apathy's dead sleep,
 Teach it for Misery's smart,
 And every aching heart,
 Still mournfully to weep,
 Still tenderly to feel,
 Though impotent to heal!
 Still, by a kind smile bless,
 As He hath made it able,—
 The face, or pale, or sable,
 That saddens with distress!
 Still speak an earnest word
 For woe that sits alone,
 Tho', by my feeble tone
 No other breast be stirr'd!
 If only in *my own*
 Its echo may be heard,
 Each kind pulse quickening,—
 He—He may bless the mite
 I to his treasury bring,
 And love's poor offering
 Make welcome in His sight!

Salem, New Jersey.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From HARPER & BROTHERS. *Cosmos*, Part 2; *Morse's Cerographic Atlas*, Parts 3 and 4, including good maps of California and Texas; and *Dr. Durbin's Observations in the East*, in two handsome volumes, with many plates. We see that very high praise is given by American critics to this work; and look forward to the receipt of more copious reviews of it from England.

WILEY & PUTNAM's Library of Choice Reading, Nos. 29 and 30. *The English Dramatic Poets*, by Charles Lamb. We understand that in their American Library will appear a volume by the Author of "A New Home," which will be eagerly sought for.

PAINE & BURGESS. *The Artist, Merchant and Statesman*, by Mr. Lester; and *Prairiedom*, by a Southron.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

COLONNA THE PAINTER.—A TALE OF ITALY
AND THE ARTS.

Know'st thou the land where the pale citrons blow,
And golden fruits through dark green foliage glow?
O soft the breeze that breathes from that blue sky!
Still stand the myrtles and the laurels high.

Know'st thou it well? O thither, friend!
Thither with thee, beloved! would I wend!

Know'st thou the house? On columns rests its height;
Shines the saloon; the chambers glisten bright:
And marble figures stand and look at me—

Ah, thou poor child! what have they done to thee?

Know'st thou it well? O thither, friend!
Thither with thee, protector! would I wend!

S. T. Coleridge, from Goethe.

INTRODUCTION.

AFTER the fall of Napoleon had given peace to Europe, and insipidity to a soldier's life, I returned with my regiment to B—, and too soon discovered that the lounging habits and quiet security of parade and garrison service were miserable substitutes for the high and stirring excitement of the bivouac, the skirmish, and the battle. I found myself gradually sinking into a state of mental atrophy, perilous alike to physical and moral health; and, after a fruitless struggle of some months with these morbid longings for old habits and associations, I determined to quit the army, and to realize the favorite day-dream of my early youth—a walk through Italy: hoping by two years of travel and incessant intercourse with men and books, to gain a fresh hold upon life and happiness, and to repair, in some measure, those deficiencies in my education, which the premature adoption of a military life had necessarily involved.

Pausing a few days at Vienna, I formed a friendly intimacy with a young and intelligent Venetian of the ancient senatorial house of F—i; and, on my return through Venice, after a rewarding and delightful residence of two years in various parts of Italy, I met my Vienna friend in one of the taverns of St. Mark's. After a cordial greeting, he told me that he was obliged to leave Venice on the ensuing day, to take possession of an estate and villa in Lombardy, bequeathed to him by a deceased relative. The gardens, he added, covered the slope of a romantic and woody hill, which commanded a wide view over the classic shores and environs of the Lake of Garda; and the mansion, although time-worn and ruinous, contained some fine old paintings, and a store of old books and manuscripts, which had not seen the light for ages. I had already experienced the keen delight of exploring the mines of literary wealth contained in the old libraries of Italy, and I did not hesitate to accept the cordial invitation to accompany him, which closed this alluring description of his Lombard villa.

We left Venice the following morning, and, proceeding by easy journeys through Padua and Verona, we reached the villa on the evening of the third day, and installed ourselves in the least decayed apartments of the ruinous, but still imposing and spacious mansion. On the ensuing day I rose early, and hastened to examine some large fresco paintings in the saloon, which had powerfully excited my curiosity during a cursory view by lamplight. They were admirably designed, and, from the recurrence in all of the remarkable form and features of a young man of great personal beauty, they were evidently a connected series; but, with

the exception of two, the coloring and details were nearly obliterated by time and the humid air from the contiguous lake. Upon scrolls beneath the two least injured paintings were the inscriptions of *La Scoperta* and *La Vendetta*; and the incidents delineated in them were so powerfully drawn, and so full of dramatic expression, that a novelist of moderate ingenuity would readily have constructed from them an effective romance. The picture subscribed *La Scoperta* represented the interior of an elegant saloon, decorated in Italian taste with pictures, busts, and candelabra. In the foreground was seated a young artist, in the plain garb rendered familiar to modern eyes by the portraits of Raphael and other painters of the sixteenth century; a short cloak and doublet of black cloth, and tight black pantaloons of woven silk. The form and features of this youth were eminently noble. His countenance beamed with dignity and power, and his tall figure displayed a classic symmetry and grandeur which forcibly reminded me of that magnificent statue, the reposing Discobolus. Before him were an easel and canvass, on which was distinguishable the roughly-sketched likeness of a robust and middle-aged man, sitting opposite to him in the middle-ground of the picture, and richly attired in a Spanish mantle of velvet. His sleeves were slashed and embroidered in the fashion of the period, and his belt and dagger glittered with adornments of gold and jewels; while his golden spurs, and the steel corslet which covered his ample chest, indicated a soldier of distinguished rank. In the background stood a tall and handsome youth, leaning with folded arms against the window-niche. He was attired in the splendid costume of the Venetian nobles, as represented in the portraits of Titian and Paul Veronese, and his dark eyes were fixed upon the painter and his model with an expression of intense and wondering solicitude. And truly the impassioned looks and attitudes of the individuals before him were well adapted to excite sympathy and astonishment. The young artist sat erect, his tall figure somewhat thrown back, and his right hand holding the pencil, was resting on the elbow of his chair; while from his glowing and dilated features, intense hatred and mortal defiance blazed out upon the man whose portrait he had begun to paint. In the delineation of the broad and knitted brow, the eagle-fierceness of the full and brilliant eye, and the stern compression of the lips, the unknown artist had been wonderfully successful, and not less so in the display of very opposite emotions in the harsh and repulsive lineaments of the personage sitting for his portrait. The wild expression of every feature indicated that he had suddenly made some strange and startling discovery. His face was of a livid and deadly yellow; his small and deep-set eyes were fixed in the wide stare of terror upon the artist; and his person was half raised from his seat, while his hands convulsively clutched the elbows of the chair. In short, his look and gesture were those of a man who, while unconscious of danger, had suddenly roused a sleeping lion.

The companion picture, called *La Vendetta*, portrayed a widely different scene and circumstance. The locality was a deep ravine, the shelving sides of which were thickly covered with trees; and the background of this woody hollow was blocked up to a considerable height, by the leafy branches of recently-hewn timber. In the right foreground were two horses, saddled and bridled, and at their feet the bleeding corpses of two men,

clothed in splendid Greek costume. On the left of the painting appeared the young Venetian nobleman before described: he was on horseback, and watching, with looks of deep interest and excitement, the issue of a mortal combat between the two prominent figures in *La Scoperta*. But here the younger man was no longer in the plain and unassuming garb of an artist. He was attired in a richly-embroidered vest of scarlet and gold; white pantaloons of woven silk displayed advantageously the full and perfect contour of his limbs; while a short mantello of dark blue velvet fell gracefully from his shoulders, and a glossy feather in his Spanish hat waved over his fine features, which told an eloquent tale of triumph and of gratified revenge.

His antagonist, a man of large and muscular proportions, was apparelled as in the other picture, excepting that he had no mantle, and was cased in back and breast armor of scaled steel. He had been just disarmed; his sword, of formidable length, had flown above his head, while a naked dagger lay on the ground under his left hand, which hung lifeless by his side: and from a gaping wound in the wrist issued a stream of blood.

The sword-point of the young painter was buried in the throat of his mailed opponent, whose livid hue and rayless eyeballs already indicated that his wound was mortal.

I was intently gazing upon these mysterious pictures, when my friend entered the saloon, and in reply to my eager inquiries, informed me that the series of paintings around us portrayed some romantic family incidents which had occurred in the sixteenth century; and that these frescoes had been designed by an able amateur artist, who was indeed the hero of this romance of Italian life, and after whom this apartment was still called the Saloon of Colonna. The late proprietor of the villa, he continued, had mentioned some years since the discovery of a manuscript in the library, which gave a detailed account of the incidents on these pictured walls, and which, if we could find it, would well reward the trouble of perusal.

My curiosity received a fresh impulse from this intelligence. Telling my friend that I would investigate his books while he visited his tenants, I proceeded after breakfast to the library; and, after some hours of fruitless search, I discovered, in a mass of worm-eaten manuscripts, an untitled, but apparently connected narrative, which forcibly arrested my attention, by the romantic charm of the incidents, the energy of the language, and the spirited criticisms on fine art with which it was interwoven. The hero of the tale was an ardent and imaginative Italian; at once a painter and an improvisatore; a man of powerful and expansive intellect; and glowing with intense enthusiasm for classic and ancient lore, and for the beautiful in art and nature. The diction of this manuscript was, like the man it portrayed, lofty and impassioned; and, when describing the rich landscapes of Italy, or the wonders of human art which adorn that favored region, it occasionally arose into a sustained harmony, a rhythmical beauty and balance, of which no modern language but that of Italy is susceptible. Dipping at random through its pages, I saw with delight the name of Colonna; and, ere long, discovered an animated description of the singular scene portrayed in *La Scoperta*.

On my friend's return in the evening, I held up the manuscript in triumph as he approached; and, after a repast in the Colonna saloon, seasoned by

the anticipations of an intellectual treat, F—i, who, although a Venetian, could read his native tongue with Roman purity of accent, opened at my request the time-stained volume, and read as follows:

CHAPTER I.

On a bright May morning, in the year 1575, my gondola was gliding under the guns of a Turkish frigate in the harbor of Venice, when she fired a broadside in compliment to the Doge's marriage with the Adriatic. The rolling of the stately vessel gave a sudden impulse to the light vehicle in which I was then standing, to obtain a better view of the festivities around me; the unexpected and stunning report deprived me for a moment of self-possession and balance, and I was precipitated into the water. The encumbrance of a cloak rendered swimming impracticable, and, after some vain attempts to remain on the surface, I went down. When restored to consciousness, I found myself in the gondola, supported by a young man, whose dripping garments told me that I had been saved from untimely death by his courage and promptitude. "Our bath has been a cold one," said he, addressing me with a friendly and cheering smile. Too much exhausted to reply, I could only grasp his hand with silent and expressive fervor. This incident deprived the festival of all attraction: and, as soon as I had regained sufficient strength, the young stranger proposed that we should return to the city for a change of dress. Still weak and exhausted, I gladly assented to the proposal, and we left the Bucintoro escorted by a thousand vessels, and saluted by the thunders of innumerable cannon, proceeding to the open sea to celebrate the high espousals.

My companion left me at the portal of my father's palace. He refused to enter it, nor would he reveal his name and residence; but he embraced me cordially, and promised an early visit. During the remainder of the day, I could not for a moment banish the image of my unknown benefactor from my memory. It was obvious, from his accent, that he was no Venetian. His language was the purest Tuscan, and conveyed in a voice rich, deep, and impassioned, beyond any in my experience. He was attired in the dark and homely garb of a student in painting; but he was in the full bloom of youth, and his tall figure was cast in the finest mould of masculine beauty. His raven locks clustered round a lofty and capacious brow; his full dark eyes sparkled with intelligence and fire; while his fresh and finely compressed lips indicated habits of decision and refinement, and gave a nameless charm to all he uttered. His deportment was noble, intellectual, and commanding; his step bounding and elastic; and there was an impressive and startling vehemence, a fervor and impetuosity, in every look and gesture, which made me regard him as one of a new and almost supernatural order of beings. My heart swelled with an aching and uncontrollable impatience to see him again, which quickened every pulse to feverish rapidity; my senses, however, were still confused and giddy with long immersion in the water, and I endeavored to recruit my exhausted powers by repose. The evening found me more tranquil, and I wandered forth to view the regatta on the grand canal. These boat-races greatly contribute to form the skill and energy which distinguish the Venetian mariners. Strength, dexterity, and ardor, are indispensable to success in contending

for the prizes; and the eager competition of the candidates imparts an intense interest to these festivities, which require only a Pindar to elevate them into classical importance. The entire surface of the spacious canal was foaming with the dash of oars, and resounding with the exuberant gaiety of the Venetians; while the tapestried balconies of the surrounding palaces were crowded with all the beauty and chivalry of Venice; and the glittering windows reflected the rays of the setting sun upon happy faces innumerable.

Proceeding to the place of St. Mark, I paced in a contemplative mood over its surface until the day closed, and the night breeze diffused a delicious coolness. I looked into several of the taverns under the arcades to observe the company assembled, and fancied that I discerned in one of them the generous youth who had rescued me from such imminent danger. Availing myself of Venetian privilege, I entered without unmasking, and found my conjecture verified. This tavern was the habitual resort of the artists resident in Venice, and the assembled individuals appeared to be engaged in vehement controversy.

Paul Veronese was addressing them as I entered. "Who," said he, "is most competent to pass judgment upon a work of art? Certainly the man who has accurately observed the appearances of nature, and who can determine the limits of art. I despise the dotards who contend, that a man of taste and intellect must have been a dauber of canvass before he can decide upon the merits of a picture. The ludicrous certificate of approval which the German horse-dealers chalked upon the bronze horses of St. Mark's, outweighed, in my estimation, a volume of professional cant. Trained to a sound knowledge of their trade in the studs of Germany, they felt and understood all the excellence of these magnificent works of art. They recognized at once the noble character of the animal, and even distinguished the peculiar attributes of each individual horse. The superlative excellence of their heads, and the fiery impatience of control which they exhibit, cannot be understood or conveyed by mere perseverance in drawing. No painter who resides in the interior, can understand the merits of a sea-piece; nor can the devout Fra Bartolomeo criticise a Venus of our venerable Titian, so well as any despot of the East who owns a seraglio."

"True," replied another artist, whose full round tones and rich emphasis bespoke him a Roman; "but taste is not intuitive; nor can it be attained by merely studying the appearances of nature and the theories of art. We must also explore the rich treasures of painting which adorn and dignify our beautiful Italy. It is not enough, however, to study a single specimen of each great master; we must patiently and repeatedly examine his progressive improvements and his various styles. By perseverance in this process, a young artist will beneficially exercise his eye and his judgment, and will readily distinguish the best pictures in a collection. Any degree of discipline short of this will be inadequate to raise him above the level of the mob, which followed in procession the Madonna of Cimabue, and lauded it as the *ne plus ultra* of art, because they had never seen anything better."

The young stranger now addressed them with much animation: "I presume not to decide," said he, "how far the last speaker is correct in his opinions. The incessant noise on the piazza precludes any deliberate consideration of the subject;

but so far as I could collect the subject of Maestro Paul's opinion, I understood him to insist upon the necessity of knowing the limits of art. I trust he will pardon so young an artist, for uttering sentiments at variance with his own; and that I shall not lose ground in his esteem, if I contend that every object in art is material, and that ideal forms and models of excellence are absurdities. An Aspasia and a Phryne, youthful and lovely, may be elevated into a Pallas and a Venus, by an able and imaginative painter, whose excited fancy will readily improve upon his models, and invest each feature, form, and attitude, with classical and appropriate expression. But an ideal and perfectly beautiful woman, destitute of every attribute arising from climate and national peculiarities, is a phantom of the brain. And yet, how many common-place artists, who have consumed the most valuable portion of their lives in drawing from plaster-casts, call these insufferably vacant faces and forms genuine art, and affect to look down upon the master-spirits who have immortalized themselves by matchless portraits of the great men and beautiful women of their own times!"

The parties soon after separated, and Paul Veronese left the tavern, accompanied by the stranger. I followed, and observed them walking round the piazza, and pausing occasionally to listen to the melodious barcarolos, and sportive sallies of the gay Venetians. At the entrance of the Merceria, the youth saluted and left his companion, and I promptly availed myself of the opportunity to unmask and approach him. He immediately recognized me, and expressed himself gratified to observe, that my accident had been unattended with evil consequences. I repeated warmly my acknowledgments, and assured him of my ardent wish to prove my gratitude, by rendering him any service in my power. He appeared, however, rather disconcerted than pleased by these professions, and exclaimed with some vehemence, "What have I done for you that I would not readily have attempted for the lowest of human beings! How many a wretch throws himself from a precipice into the deep, to bring up a paltry coin! I have been taught to think that exaggerated praise for the performance of a mere act of duty, has a tendency to promote vanity and cowardice; and I predict the decay of true heroism and public spirit, from the growing practice of commemorating trivial events and trivial men by statues, columns, and inscriptions."

"You may disclaim all merit," I replied; "but I cannot forget, that to save the life of a stranger, you bounded from the lofty bulwark of a frigate. I maintain, that there is something godlike in the man, who hazards his life with such generous promptitude; and I think, you cannot but admit, that gratitude is the strongest and most agreeable tie which binds society together. Surely, then, if the fervent and enthusiastic expression of it be a failing, it is an amiable one."

He took my hand, and gave me a look of cordial sympathy, but said nothing in reply. I warmly urged him to pass the evening with me; he assented, and we proceeded in a gondola up the grand canal to my abode. During supper, the conversation was gay and spirited, but confined to generalities; and it was not until we were released from the presence of menials, that our ideas flowed with unrestrained freedom and confidence. The government and state-policy of Venice were passed in review: and my guest lauded the wisdom of the

senate, in having embraced the first opportunity of concluding with honor the arduous struggle they had maintained against the formidable power of Turkey. He rejoiced that the doge could again espouse the Adriatic sea-nymph, with all the accustomed display of pomp and power, and remarked how essential to the safety and independence of Venice was the uninterrupted annual celebration of a festival, which fostered the pride and courage of the people.

"Our ancient bride," I replied, "has of late exhibited some ominous symptoms of caprice and inconstancy. The ceremony should have taken place two days since, but the wild goddess was restive and untamable, and insulted the old doge, her destined spouse, by rolling the bodies of a dozen drowned wretches up the grand canal to the stairs of his palace. Pope Alexander III., who exercised some influence over the capricious fair one, is unfortunately no more; and Columbus, the hero of whom Genoa proved herself so unworthy, has explored and subdued for the princes of Castile, the genuine Amphitrite, in comparison with whom the bride of Venice is a mere nymph."

"The destinies of Venice," he observed, with a touch of sarcasm in his manner, "must be accomplished. She has reached, and probably passed, the climax of her political greatness. Other nations, in the vigor of youth, and possessing greater local advantages, have commenced their maritime career, and this proud republic must submit to decline and fall, as mightier states have done before her. Already I perceive symptoms of unsoundness in her political institutions, of declining energy and shallow policy in the conduct of her wars and negotiations. If you could not preserve by resolute defence the Isle of Cyprus, which has owned your sway for a century, you might have saved it by the easy and obvious expedient of allowing the Sultan to receive at a cheaper rate his annual supply of its delicious wines; and by refusing to shelter in the harbor of Famaugusta the Christian corsairs, who capture the beauties destined for the seraglio. The sweet island of Love is now lost forever to the state of Venice, and its incomparable wines become every year more rare and costly throughout Italy."

The keen edge of his remarks touched me sensibly, and wounded all my pride of birth and country. This revulsion of feeling did not escape the quick perception of my guest: the recollection that he was speaking thus unguardedly to the son of a Venetian senator, seemed to flash upon him, and he closed the discussion by remarking with a smile, that we were in Venice, that Venetian walls possessed the faculty of hearing, and that there would be discretion in a change of subject. I briefly assented to the necessity of being guarded in the vicinity of Venetian domestics, who were occasionally agents of the police; and, after a pause of recollection, he resumed.

"It is time," said he, "that I should speak of myself and of my object in Venice. I am a native of Florence, and a painter. Wearied and disgusted with the skeletons of Florentine art, I came here to study the flesh and blood of the Venetian school. The works of Titian realize everything which is valuable and essential in the art of painting, and the student who does not pursue the track of this great master, will never attain high rank as a painter. In Venice, the public voice has supreme jurisdiction in matters of taste and fine art, and the artists collectively exercise little influence on

public opinion. Titian fascinates all amateurs, and every artist admits his incomparable excellence in the great essential of painting, which is truth of coloring.

"I am still too much a novice in the theories of your beautiful art," I replied, "to contend this point with you; but you will pardon me if I suggest the probability that you are disgusted with the severity of the Tuscan school. Your abhorrence of the yoke you have escaped from impels you to the other extreme, and your admiration of Venetian art is heightened by contrasting the flesh and blood of Titian, with the bones and sinews of Michael Angelo. Nevertheless, I will hazard a prediction, that instead of abandoning forever the sound principles of the Florentine school, you will eventually resume and abide by them. Our graceful Titian is the prince of colorists, but it must be admitted that his drawing seldom rises above mediocrity."

"You must excuse me," he retorted with a smile, "if I doubt whether your position can be maintained. I infer from the tendency of your remarks that you consider drawing of primary importance. I admit that drawing is essential to give truth and symmetry of proportion, and is therefore a necessary evil; but a finished picture represents the surfaces of things: surfaces are distinguishable only by coloring, and therefore I maintain that coloring is the real object, the alpha and omega of art. To class drawing above painting, is to prefer the scaffold to the building, the rude and early stages to the full and rich maturity of art. What are the sharp and vigorous lines of Michael Angelo but dreams and shadows, compared with the pure and exquisite vitality of a head by Titian? Any beardless Tyro may, by plodding industry, produce a drawing as accurate, if not as free, as the off-hand sketches of Raffaele; but to delineate real life with its exquisitely blended tints and demi-tints; its tender outlines, and evanescent shades of character and expression; to accomplish all this by lines and angles is impossible. It requires the magic aid of coloring, controlled by that deep and rare perception of the beautiful, that wondrous harmony of intellect and feeling, which is the immediate gift of Heaven, and the proudest, highest attribute of man."

"I am by no means insensible to the charms of the Venetian school," I rejoined; "and I admit, in many respects, the force of your reasoning. It is, however, a question with me, whether the enthusiastic disciples of Titian are not in danger of pursuing the material and perishable, rather than the intellectual and permanent in painting. The glorious coloring of this great master will fade under the action of time and humidity, and betray his deficiencies in drawing; whereas the moral grandeur of Michael Angelo's frescoes, which derive no aid from coloring, will endure as long as the walls which they adorn. I would gladly hear you contest this point with the Roman artist who addressed Maestro Paul this evening at the tavern. I feel too much my own deficiency in technical phrase and knowledge to vindicate my opinions successfully."

"That Roman," said he, "is an intellectual and accomplished man, but he wants a painter's eye, and should rather have devoted his time and talents to literature. He has, however, pursued the fine arts professionally, and he is eloquent and resolute in the defence of his opinions; but the nature which he has studied is destitute of life and coloring; it exists only in marble and plaster, and

he would rather copy the single and motionless attitude of an antique statue, than study the fine forms and eloquent features with which Italy abounds. He is, in short, a sedentary idler, who will not take the trouble to read the great book of nature, and would rather fire at a wooden eagle on a pole, than pursue the kingly bird amidst the wild scenery of the Apennines. He assumed the unwarrantable liberty of severely censuring Paul Veronese's grand picture of the 'Nuptials of Cana,' in the presence of that noble artist. He objected to the insignificant appearance of Jesus and his disciples, and to their position at the table in the middle-ground of the picture. The painter introduced them into this great work because their presence was indispensable; but he avoided giving them any prominent position, conceiving it impossible for any human artist to convey an adequate personification of our glorious Redeemer. Moreover, they were but accessory to his real object, which was to represent the busy crowd of guests, the banquet, and the architecture. In these respects the artist has been eminently successful. The painting abounds with harmony, and the incidents are told with all the life and spirit of a Spanish novel. The most prominent figures are musicians at a table in the fore-ground, performing a concert upon elegant instruments. Paul Veronese is leading with grace and spirit on a violin; Titian, the great ruler of harmony, is performing on a violoncello; Bassano and Tintoret, upon other instruments. They are painted with wonderful truth of character and expression; they are magnificently attired, and their personal appearance is eminently noble and dignified. Around the bride's table are assembled the most distinguished personages of the present age; all admirable portraits, and abounding with dramatic expression. The atmosphere in the background is clear and transparent, and exhibits in sharp and brilliant relief the Palladian magnificence of the architecture; while the busy fore-ground is enriched with a gorgeous display of vases and other materials of the banquet, adorned with chasings of splendid and classical design. The light throughout the fore-ground and middle distance is wonderfully natural, and clearly develops the numerous groups and figures comprehended in this colossal work. What man of sense and feeling can behold this wondrous achievement of human art, and not long to feast his eyes upon it forever!

"This fastidious Roman expressed also his annoyance at the inaccuracy of the costume, in Paul's fine picture of the 'Family of Darius presented to Alexander,' and lamented that so admirable a work should have been blemished by this gross anachronism. You are, doubtless, well acquainted with a painting which belongs to a branch of your family. It may be truly called the triumph of coloring; and certainly more harmony, splendor, and loveliness, never met together in one picture. To these merits must be added the truth of character which prevails in all the heads, most of which are portraits. Forget for a moment that the incident is borrowed from ancient story; imagine it the victory of a hero of the sixteenth century, and the painting becomes, in all respects, a masterpiece. The architecture, in the back-ground, gives a tone to the whole; but it required the delicate outlines and the exquisite perception of harmonious coloring which distinguish Paul Veronese, to give relief and contrast to the figures and draperies on so light a ground. The pyramidal group, formed by an old man, and four female figures, is superla-

tively lovely; the countenances wonderfully expressive, and sparkling with animation. The head of Alexander is beautiful, but deficient in masculine firmness, and more adapted to charm the softer sex than to awe the world; while Parmenio has a magnificent head, which is finely contrasted with the more feminine graces of the royal conqueror, and his yellow drapery is admirably folded and colored. How exquisitely finished, too, is the long and beautifully braided flaxen hair of the Persian princesses. And what a host of figures in this noble picture, most of them the size of life, as in the 'Nuptials of Cana.' Certainly, this painting is nearly unrivalled in close fidelity to nature; and, in the truth and splendor of its coloring, it yields only to that triumphant specimen of Venetian art in the *Scuola della Carità*, Titian's 'Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple.' These two pictures will long maintain their glorious supremacy, and will probably never be surpassed. Violation of costume is, in fact, only a defect in the eyes of antiquarians. The great mass of society overlook it, and care only for what gratifies the eye and the imagination. Nevertheless I would recommend to artists generally, the avoidance of subjects borrowed from ancient history. It is far easier to excel in the folds and coloring of modern drapery, than to delineate the light garb and native elegance of Grecian forms. Nor could any painters, but those who lived in the times of Pericles and Aspasia, do justice to those most classical and graceful of all subjects. Oh! how I burn with impatient ardor to behold the storied isles and continent of Greece! Their ancient splendor is no more, but their pure and temperate climes still develop the noblest specimens of the human race."

"Had our acquaintance commenced some years sooner," said I, interrupting him, "I could have gratified your wish. I accompanied my father, who went to Greece on a mission from the republic, and I remained three years on the classic soil of Homer and Sophocles. I was too young to make the most of my opportunities, but I succeeded in my attempts to master the modern language, and at the same time greatly improved my knowledge of ancient Greek."

At these words my companion started impetuously from his chair, and strained me in a vehement embrace.

"Oh! rare and fortunate incident!" he exclaimed: "you are the companion I have so long and vainly sought. A man so distinguished by nobility of mind and person, and yet so young, it has never been my good fortune to meet with. You will, you must be, the chosen friend of my soul!"

I could not but suspect that some mystery was involved in this abrupt and somewhat premature tender of his friendship; but I returned his embrace with grateful ardor. It was impossible to resist the contagion of his impassioned and headlong feelings. I trembled with emotion, and vainly endeavored to express in connected language how greatly I valued his good opinion. It was midnight when he left me, promising a long and early visit on the succeeding day.

I retired to bed in a state of excitement which banished sleep. To subdue the vivid impression made upon me by the events of the day and evening was impossible. I had, perhaps, too unwarily given a pledge of fervent and enduring friendship to a man whose name and connections were a mystery, and of whose character and previous life my

ignorance was absolute: but the singular charm of his language and deportment was even enhanced by the obscurity which enveloped him, and I yielded unresistingly to the spell in which he had bound me.

I had never yet beheld the man whose tastes and pursuits assimilated so entirely with my own. He was, however, incomparably my superior in natural and acquired advantages. He possessed more variety, more fulness and accuracy of knowledge; and he displayed a vigor and opulence of language which often rose with the occasion into the lofty and impassioned eloquence of poetry. His soul was more expanded and liberal than mine; but at the same time more uncontrolled, rash, and intemperate. He had doubtless those defects, which, in Italy, often accompany an ardent and impetuous character; and, under strong provocation, he would not hesitate probably to inflict an unsparing and formidable revenge; but surely a generous heart and a commanding intellect will redeem many failings, and even palliate those desperate alternatives to which men of noble nature and of pure intention are sometimes impelled by the defects of our social institutions.

CHAPTER II.

At an early hour on the following morning I heard the emphatic tread of the young painter in the corridor. In a moment he entered my apartment, and his appearance renewed in some degree my emotion. "Our feelings had too much of lyric riot in them last night," said he, smiling; "such excitement is exhausting, and cannot be long sustained without approximation to fever. I shall never learn moderation in my attachments, but I am resolved to lower the expression of them to a more temperate standard; and with this object I will, if agreeable to you, endeavor to create occupation for our intellects, as well as our feelings."

He then inquired if I had practised drawing, and to what extent. I told him that I had been in the habit of sketching the fine lake and mountain scenery of Lombardy; but that my ambition was to draw the human figure from living models, which I regarded as the only avenue by which any degree of excellence could be attained.

"If you will accept of my assistance," he replied, "we can immediately commence a course of elementary studies of the human figure, after which," added he sportively, "you may employ me as a model. In return for my instructions in painting, you must promote my ardent wish to attain a competent knowledge of modern Greek. I have a sacred duty to perform in one of the Greek islands, and shall proceed there in the ensuing autumn."

"We cannot effectually realize your suggestion," I rejoined, "unless we abandon for awhile the riot and revelry of Venice. My father is at present in Dalmatia, and I am pledged to pass the summer in the country with my excellent and respected mother, who is preparing for departure, and will probably quit Venice at the close of the present week. The villa we inhabit during the summer heats is in the most charming district of Lombardy, and near the spot where the rapid Mincio receives the pure waters of the lake of Garda. You must accompany me to this earthly paradise, where we can enjoy the cool breezes from the lake and mountains, and explore the bright scenery of its classic shores and the peninsula of Sirmio, sung in glowing verse by Catullus.

There we can repose under the dark umbrage of orange and myrtle groves, drink deep of the beauties of Pindar, and bind our temples with wreaths of laurel. But I have not yet introduced you to my mother. She is aware that a stranger saved me from a watery death in the harbor, and will welcome gratefully the preserver of her only son. She has a fine taste for pictures, and is an enthusiastic admirer of beautiful Madonnas. If you will paint one for her private chapel, and subdue in some measure the impetuous ardor of your deportment in her presence, she will receive and cherish you as a son."

While thus addressing him, I perceived a sudden contraction of his fine features, indicative of strong internal emotion, the mystery of which was not developed for a considerable period after this conversation. At length he approached me, and with a look of intense interest inquired how near my father's villa was to Peschiera on the lake of Garda. "Within a league of it," I replied. Again he paced the apartment in silent abstraction, when suddenly his eagle eye was lighted up with more than its wonted fire, and he exclaimed with animation, "Agreed! I will accompany you to Lombardy, and should I prove acceptable to your mother as a guest, I will paint a Madonna for her chapel. On my discretion, and my respect for her habits and feelings, you may rely."

On the succeeding day I introduced him to my mother. The elegant freedom of his address, and the spirit and originality of his conversation, made an immediate and favorable impression upon my beloved parent; and she afterwards acknowledged to me that, independently of his noble exterior, and his powerful claim upon her gratitude, she had never been so strongly prepossessed. It was on this occasion that he named himself Colonna. Since his refusal to reveal his name on the first day of our acquaintance, I had never repeated the inquiry. Subsequently, however, I discovered that this appellation had been assumed under circumstances of a disastrous and compulsory nature. After his interview with my mother, I accompanied him to his abode, where I was gratified with a view of the paintings and sketches which he had executed in Venice. His figures were fresh and masterly; his coloring had all the brilliant glow of the Venetian painters, while his bold and beautiful designs betrayed, as I had anticipated, the accurate drawing of the Tuscan school. His studies were from the antique, and from Italian life; naked figures, or with little drapery; female heads abounding with expression and loveliness; arms and legs, backs and busts; naked boys, bathing, running, and wrestling. He intimated that he had never yet painted for emolument, nor for the gratification of others; and added, carelessly, "what farther concerns me shall be revealed to you in our hours of leisure by the lake of Garda."

On the appointed morning we quitted Venice. Our bark issued from the grand canal at an early hour, glided silently over the smooth surface of the Laguna, and approached the entrance of the Brenta. The sun was rising in veiled and purple majesty through the soft mists of a summer morning, and the towers and churches of Venice appeared floating in thin vapor. Colonna ascended the deck, and, folding his arms, gazed with evident emotion on the "city of palaces," until it disappeared behind a bank of fog. His chest heaved with some powerful sympathy, and, for a moment,

tears suffused his eyes and veiled their brightness. His manner implied, I thought, some painful recollections, or a presentiment that he should never behold Venice again. To me our departure was a source of relief and enjoyment. In the winter season Venice is a cheerful and desirable abode, because the population is dense, and the local peculiarities contribute greatly to promote public and private festivity; but, during the heats of summer and the exhalations of autumn, no place is more offensive and pestilential.

At Padua we separated from my mother, who proceeded with her domestics by the direct road to Peschiera, while Colonna and I made a deviation to Vicenza, whither we journeyed on foot; a mode of travelling the most favorable to colloquial enjoyment, and to an accurate and comprehensive view of the country. We found the numerous edifices of Palladio in Vicenza and its vicinity in many respects unworthy of that noble architect; many of them are indeed remodelled fronts of old houses, in which the pure taste of the artist was warped by the want of capability in the original elevations. The palaces built after his designs are deficient in extent and variety, and may be termed experimental models, rather than effective illustrations of his chaste and classical conceptions. In his triumphal arch at the entrance of the Campo Marzo we found much to admire, and not less in his beautiful bridge which spans the Bacchiglione. How bold, and light, and elegant the arch, like the daring leap of a youthful amazon! And how cheerful the open balustrade, through which the clear and sparkling waters are seen rolling their rapid course to the adjacent city!

It is in Venice that the fine genius of Palladio develops all its supremacy. The Cornaro palace on the grand canal, and the unfinished convent of La Carità, are splendid efforts of pure taste in design and decoration; and as perfect in execution and finish as if cast in a mould. His churches too, especially that glorious edifice, Al Redentore—how simple in design, and yet how beautifully effective and harmonious in proportion and outline!

We proceeded on the following morning to Verona which excited a stronger interest than Vicenza by its classical associations and striking position on the river Adige, a lively daughter of the Alps. Rushing from her mountain bed, she urges her rapid and devious course through the city, dividing it into two portions, connected by the bridge of Scaliger. This fine edifice rises on bold arches, wider, and more heroic, and more scientific, than that of the Rialto, the wonder of Venice, which is, indeed, no bridge, but a huge and inconvenient staircase.

Pursuing as we journeyed onward the subject of architecture, I commented on the insignificant appearance of the temples of Pantheism, when compared with the majestic cathedrals for which the Christian world is indebted to the barbarians of the middle ages.

"The Greeks and Romans," observed Colonna, "erected a temple to each individual of their numerous deities. These buildings were consequently of limited extent, and their columns of corresponding proportions. The citizens sacrificed singly to the gods, or attended public festivals comprehending large masses of the people; in which event the officiating priest or priestess entered the temple, and the assembled votaries were grouped without. In our churches, on the

contrary, the population of a city is often congregated for hours; and how magnificently adapted for this object is the vast and solemn interior of a Gothic cathedral, in which the voice of the priest reverberates like thunder, and the chorus of the people rises like a mountain-gust, praising the great Father of all, and rousing the affrighted conscience of the infidel; while the mighty organ, the tyrant of music, rages like a hurricane, and rolls his deep floods of sound in sublime accompaniment! How grand were the conceptions of the rational barbarians to whom Europe is indebted for these vast and noble structures! And how immeasurably they surpass, for all meditative and devotional objects, the modern application of Greek and Roman temples, on an enlarged scale, to the purposes of Christian worship! Had any necessity existed to borrow designs from these sources, we should rather have modelled our churches from their theatres, the plan of which is admirably fitted for oratorical purposes, and for the accommodation of numbers."

We accomplished the last portion of our journey during a night of superlative beauty. A brilliant and nearly full moon glided with us through long avenues of lofty elms, linked together by the clustering tendrils of vines, festooned from tree to tree, and at this season prodigal of foliage. The coruscations of distant lightning shot through the clear darkness of Italian night; the moon and evening star, and Sirius and Orion, soared above us in pure ether, and seemed to approach our sphere like guardian spirits. The cool breezes which usher in the dawn now began to whisper through the foliage; a light vapor arose in the east; and the soft radiance of the first sunbeams faintly illumined the horizon as we arrived at our destination. Here the romantic lake of Garda lay expanded before us; its broad surface ruffled by the mountain breeze, and gleaming like silver in the moonlight. The waves were heaving in broken and foaming masses, and reverberated along the rocky shores, finely illustrating the accuracy of Virgil's descriptive line:

"*Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens marino.*"

I retired immediately to rest, not having slept for the preceding twenty-four hours; while Colonna preferred a morning walk, and wandered out to view the environs. In the course of the day we completed our domestic arrangements. My friend occupied a saloon on the north side of the villa, which commanded an extensive prospect, a light favorable for painting, and private egress into the open country; an accommodation which he requested, that his rambling and irregular habits might occasion no inconvenience to the other inmates of the mansion.

After a few days had been devoted to excursions upon and around the lake, and over the picturesque hills as far as Brescia, we commenced a more useful and methodical distribution of our time. Colonna began and completed the sketch of a Madonna for my mother, that he might work upon it at his leisure; and we read together the Greek poets and historians: nor did I forget to avail myself of my friend's proffered assistance to improve my knowledge of drawing and design. Under his masterly guidance I persevered in drawing geometrical figures until I could trace them with quickness, freedom, and accuracy. He then annoyed me for a brief interval with skeletons and anatomical subjects, directing my attention to the

articulation of the joints and the insertion of the muscles; after which I proceeded to copy his fine studies of human limbs, both round and muscular, and in the various attitudes of action and repose. Finally I began to sketch from living models and was pursuing my object with ardor and success, when a tragical event severed me for a considerable period from my beloved tutor and friend.

It had been arranged between us that each should, in his habits, be perfectly uncontrolled, and independent of the other. Our excursions were alternately separate and in company, and Colonna was often absent from the villa for one or more days and nights, without exciting observation or surprise.

He delighted in ranging over the green pastures of Lombardy, hedged in by lofty trees, festooned with vines, and irrigated by transparent streams innumerable. The young Tuscan had never before seen nature in a garb so lovely and inviting; he wandered through the picturesque villages which margin or overhang the lake of Garda, sojourned with the peasantry, and sketched their figures and costume. From these rambles he would often return at sunset over the lake in a small bark, crowned like a youthful Bacchus with vine leaves and ivy, and singing wild Dithyrambs to his guitar, while the surrounding villagers, by whom he was idolized, followed him in their boats with shouts of joy and festivity.

During the cool nights which, in this hilly region, temper the sickly heat of an Italian summer, we often wandered along the breezy shores of our classic Benacus, or sought refreshment in its dark blue waters. Colonna was an adept in the delightful exercise of swimming, and his instructions soon imparted to me the requisite skill and self-possession. We plunged from the marble terraces of the villa into the delicious element, cleaving its moonlit waves, and sporting over its wide surface like water-gods.

The Madonna for my mother was finished in August. The artist had selected the incident of the flight into Egypt, and the mother of Jesus was reposing in deep shade, under the giant arms and dense foliage of a maple tree. In the middle distance, a few ilex and cypress trees were effectively and naturally distributed. The background was mountain scenery; and from a lofty cliff a river was precipitated, in a bold and picturesque fall. The waters rebounded from the gulf below in silver spray, and flowed through a verdant level into a tranquil and beautiful lake. The most romantic features of the wilderness around the lake of Garda were faithfully and beautifully introduced; and the brilliant rays of a sun approaching the horizon, threw a flood of gold over rock, and wood, and water. The Madonna was a young and lovely woman, giving nourishment to her first-born son, and bending over her pleasing task with delighted attention. The head of the Virgin was after a sketch from life, but developed and elevated in character, and invested with a breathing tenderness, a hallowed innocence and purity of expression, which at once thrilled and saddened the beholder. The boy was a model of infantine beauty; he supported himself with one little hand on his mother's breast, which was partially veiled with red drapery, and he had raised his cherub head and glossy curls from the sweet fount of life, to look with bright and earnest gaze upon the glowing landscape. The luxuriant brown hair of the Madonna was confined in a net, from which a few

locks had strayed over her brow and cheek; and her blue mantle flowed with modest grace over her fine person, revealing, through its light and well-distributed folds, the graceful and easy position of the limbs. The eyes of both were radiantly bright, and in the large, well-opened orbs of the infant Saviour, the painter had introduced a something never seen in life—a premature and pathetic seriousness—awfully indicative of his high and hallowed destiny. Above the stately plane-tree were soaring three angels of more than Grecian beauty; and their features, in which a sacred innocence of look was blended with feminine grace and softness, reminded me powerfully of that exquisite design in Raffaele's pictorial Bible—the “three angels before Abraham's threshold.”

In the middle distance the ass was grazing, and Joseph, whose features the artist had borrowed from the well-chiselled head of an old peasant, stood leaning on his staff, like a faithful servant, who has succeeded in rescuing from imminent peril the treasure intrusted to him. The picture was upright, and on a large scale; the Madonna and Bambino were painted the size of life, and the rich coloring of the heads and draperies was finely relieved by the local tints and highly finished bark and leafage of the plane-tree, behind which the immense landscape receded in wide and brilliant perspective.

My mother was inexpressibly delighted with this valuable token of his regard, and her affection for the highly gifted painter became truly maternal.

About this period I remarked a mysterious change in the looks and habits of Colonna. His prompt and flowing language gave place to a moody and oppressive silence; his deportment was occasionally more abrupt and impassioned; and his eloquent features betrayed some hidden source of grief and perplexity. The increased duration and frequency of his rambles from the villa excited at length my attention and remonstrance. In justification, he pleaded, as before, that he was a man of itinerant habits, and too mercurial in temperament to remain long in any place. This explanation had now, however, ceased to be satisfactory. Our intercourse was obviously less cordial and incessant. He had of late rarely sought my society in his excursions, and this circumstance, in connexion with his altered look and manner, made me suspect some change in his feelings towards me. I determined to solve a mystery so painful and embarrassing, and succeeded ere long in obtaining his confession, during a still and beautiful night, a large portion of which we passed together in a myrtle arbor, which crowned a cool eminence in the villa gardens. We had passed some hours in this delicious solitude, enjoying the pure night breeze, and admiring the soft and silver tints diffused by an Italian moon over the lake and landscape. Our spirits were elevated by wine, and song, and conversation; and our hearts communed together, and expanded into more than usual freedom and confidence. I described to him the fair objects of several fleeting attachments, and acknowledged that my experience of female excellence had never yet realized the expectations I had formed. “I anticipated from you, however,” I continued, “some illustrations of that wayward thing, the human heart. A youth so ardent in feeling, and so adorned by nature and education, must necessarily have had no limited experience of the tender passion; and surely some of the beau-

tiful heads in your portfolio have been sketched from life, and *con amore*."

"I do not willingly," he replied, "enter upon acknowledgments of this nature. They tend to excite feelings of envy, and sometimes expose the warmest friendship to a severe test. We have now, however, enjoyed abundant opportunity to study the lights, and shades, and inmost recesses of our respective characters, and as you have made me your father confessor, I shall no longer hesitate to repose in you a responsive and unbounded confidence. Know, then, that I love, with all the enthusiasm of a first passion, the most beautiful woman of her time—that she is the only daughter of the proudest senator in Venice—that she is no stranger to your family, and now resides within a league of us. Her name is Laura Foscari; and she is, alas! the destined and unwilling bride of the opulent Ercole Barozzo, governor of Candia."

At this unexpected intelligence, I almost started on my feet with astonishment. My consternation was too great for utterance, and I listened with breathless and eager attention.

"We became acquainted," he continued, "by a singular accident. I had long admired her as the most lovely woman in Venice. Her head has all the beauty of a fine antique, lighted up by dark eyes of radiant lustre, and heightened by a smile of magic power and sweetness. I have more than once sketched her unrivalled features when she was kneeling at church, and her fine eyes were upraised in devotional rapture. In public places, and at mass, I had frequently seen her, and our eyes had so often met, that she could not but learn from mine how fervently I admired her. My endeavors to obtain an introduction as an artist to her father and brothers had been unsuccessful, and at length I was indebted to a fortunate incident for an opportunity of conversing with her unobserved. One evening near the close of the last Carnival, I saw her enter with her friends the place of St. Mark, near the new church of San Geminiano. She wore only a half mask, and her graceful mien and fine person could not be disguised. My mask and domino were similar to those of her youngest brother, who resembled me also somewhat in person. The imperfect light and the confusion of the assembled crowd separated her from her party, and while endeavoring to rejoin them, she approached me, mistook me for her brother, put her arm within mine, and with charming vivacity, whispered in my ear some comments on the motley groups around us. You will readily conjecture that I promptly availed myself of the brief and golden opportunity. I glanced rapidly around, and finding that we were unobserved, I partially raised my mask. She had so often observed me gazing upon her with undisguised and rapturous admiration, that she recognized me at once, and tacitly acknowledged it by a blush which suffused every visible feature with crimson. In glowing and beautiful confusion she attempted to withdraw her arm, but I retained it firmly, and in low but emphatic tones, I told her that I had long loved her with sincerity and ardor; that I could fairly boast of constancy and discretion, of education and refinement; that no man so well understood her value, or would encounter and endure so much to win her affections. All this and more I poured into her ear with rapid and glowing diction, and with the impassioned gesture which is natural to me. Timid and irresolute, she accompanied me some paces, paused, and in trembling emotion again attempted

to withdraw her arm, but was still urged forward by my impetuosity. At length, by a sudden effort, she escaped; but, as she quitted me, whispered with bewitching hesitation and timidity—'*To-morrow morning, at Santi Giovanni e Paolo*.' Soon as these words fell on my delighted ear, I plunged into the crowd of masks, in token of my discretion and prompt obedience to her will. The emotion excited by this early and unexpected proof of sympathy, was so rapturous and overwhelming, that I abandoned myself to all the extravagance of sudden bliss. I flew on wings of ecstasy along the streets, bounded over the stairs of the Rialto, and reached my abode in a state of mind bordering on delirium. During that interminable but delicious night, I neither sought nor wished for repose. I felt as if I had never known sleep—as if I should never sleep again; and, when my waking dreams occasionally yielded to brief and agitated slumber, my excited and buoyant feelings called up a flitting train of images not less vivid and enchanting.

Long before the commencement of the early mass, I had reached the church indicated by the beauteous Laura. I was the first to enter it, and I waited her arrival with an impatience which no words can describe. Never had the celebration of the mass appeared to me so wearisome and monotonous; and, in hopes to subdue in some measure the wild agitation which chafed me, I withdrew the curtain which veiled Titian's divine picture of Pietro Martire, in which the saint lies wounded and dying before his assassin. The companion of the prostrate Pietro is endeavoring to escape a similar fate; and two angels, whose features are not Italian but Greek, are soaring amidst the foliage, environed with a heavenly lustre, which throws its bright effulgence over the foreground of the immense landscape. What a masterpiece! How full of animation and contrast! What rich and lively local tints in the slender and graceful stems of the lofty chestnuts, which are painted the size of nature! And how naturally the glorious landscape fades into the blue and distant mountains! The half-naked murderer has all the ferocity of a mountain bandit, in figure, attitude, and menace; while the wounded saint exhibits in his pale and collapsed features the dying agony of a good man, blended with a consciousness that he has achieved the rewarding glories of martyrdom.

But no masterpiece could allay the glowing tumults of my soul, and again I paced the church with feverish impatience. At length the peerless Laura entered, and alas, poor Titian! the charms of thy creative pencil withered as she approached—the vivid splendors of thy coloring faded before the paramount beauties of nature! She was attired in the picturesque garb and head-dress of Venice, her veil was raised and her fine countenance, radiant with beauty and intelligence, imparted life, dignity, and lustre to every surrounding object.

"She was accompanied by her mother, and after prostration before the altar, they retired to their devotions in the body of the church. I stood in a position which enabled me to observe every look and gesture, and it did not escape me that Laura, while kneeling, cast a look of supplication towards heaven, and sighed deeply. She soon became conscious of my presence; and rising, she took a chair, and fixed upon me a look so deeply penetrative, so fraught with tender meaning, and yet so timidly, so truly modest, that every chord

of feeling in my frame was thrilled with sudden transport. To uninterested observers her deportment was tranquil, but ere long I could discern tokens of deep and anxious thought clouding her lovely face. Her lips quivered as if in sympathy with some inward feeling of doubt and apprehension, which at length subsided, and her angelic features were suddenly irradiated with a tender and enchanting smile. She then read for some time in her book, and marked a place in it with a card, to which, by an expressive glance, she directed my attention. The mass was concluded, the congregation quitted the church, and I availed myself of the crowded portal to approach and take the card, which she conveyed to me unperceived. I hastened from the spot, and seized the first opportunity to read these words, *'Two hours after midnight at the postern near the canal.'* The card said no more; but, to a lover, it spoke volumes.

"These magic words, and the enchantress who had penned them, absorbed every thought and feeling throughout the never-ending-day. In the evening, I passed and repassed the Foscari palace, until the shape and position of every door and window were engraven on my memory. I provided myself with weapons, ordered my gondolier to hold himself in readiness, and at midnight I proceeded to the Piazza near Maria Formosa. Enveloped in my mantle, I traversed the pavement with feverish impetuosity for two hours, which appeared like ages. The course of nature seemed to stagnate, and the constellations to pause in their career, as if in mockery of my feelings. I walked with increased rapidity, and even vaulted into the air with childish eagerness as if to grasp the heavenly bodies, and accelerate their lingering progress. At length the last quarter struck. I hastened through the silent and deserted streets, and strode over the bridges with a bound as vehement as if I would have spurned them from under me. I soon arrived at the appointed postern, and waited, all eye and ear, in a contiguous angle of the wall. Ere long the door was gently opened, and I heard the music of an angel's voice, bidding me enter with noiseless steps, and beware of rousing her brothers, whose violence would endanger my life. In obedient silence I followed her up a dark staircase into a saloon adjoining the grand canal, and dimly lighted by a single lamp. The enchanting Laura was attired in a white robe of elegant simplicity, well fitted to display the perfect symmetry and luxuriant fulness of her incomparable shape. Her head was uncovered, and her waving tresses floated in rich profusion over her shoulders and bosom. Thus unadorned, her beauty was so dazzling and celestial, that I could have knelt and worshipped her as the Aphrodite of the Adriatic Paphos. I gazed upon her until I became giddy with admiration and rapture. Yielding to an irresistible impulse, I lost all discretion—folded the lovely creature in my embrace—and impressed a fervent kiss upon her coral lips.

"Unhand me daring youth!" she exclaimed, her fine features flashing with indignant eloquence as she repulsed me. "Remember that I am Foscari's daughter, and do me the justice to believe that I have not unadvisedly received you at an hour so unseemly. I was impelled to this step not only by the regard due to your personal safety, but by my implicit confidence in the honor of a cavalier. Think not, rash youth! that a Foscari would con-

descend, like Bianca Capello, to an obscure stranger. I know that you are not what you would seem. I know that 'Colonna the painter' is but the outward shell which hides the pearl and pride of the Florentine nobility. I have a friend in Venice who is in confidential intercourse by letter with your aunt Veronica, and from her I heard in secrecy that the study of painting was not your primary object in Venice, but assumed only to mask some more important purpose."

"Mortified by the indiscretion of my aunt, and sensible of the fatal consequences it might involve, I soon recovered some degree of self-control, and apologized to the still offended Laura for the inconsiderate freedom in which I had indulged. I then disclosed to her some particulars of my previous history, and expressed, in ardent and grateful terms, my sense of the flattering distinction conferred upon me by the loveliest woman in Venice.

"Ah, Montalto!" she replied, with glowing cheeks, and a look of enchanting tenderness, "you know not the dreadful risk to which my wish to become better acquainted with your merits exposes me. I am watched with jealous and unceasing vigilance by an ambitious father, whose sole object is the aggrandizement of his sons; and to the accomplishment of this purpose he will not hesitate to sacrifice an only and affectionate daughter. Destined to become the unwilling bride of heartless opulence, or to the living sepulchre of a convent, and formed, by an affectionate mother, for every social and domestic relation, there have been moments when I wished it had pleased Heaven to cast my lot in free and humble mediocrity. My affections then were unappropriated."

"She paused, in blushing and beautiful embarrassment, but soon resumed: 'It would be affectation to deny that they are no longer so. I must have been more than woman to have remarked, without some responsive feeling, the obvious regard'—Here she paused anew, the rose of sweet confusion dyed her cheek more deeply than before, and after a momentary struggle, she continued, with averted looks: 'The heroic cast and expression of your features, and the unembarrassed ease and elegance of your deportment, bore the genuine stamp of nobility by descent and education. The instinctive discrimination peculiar to woman is often more accurate in its conclusions than the boasted experience of man. Appearances taught me to suspect, that your homely garb and professional pursuit were a delusion; and I heard with more pleasure than surprise that my conjecture was well founded.'

"Such, my Angelo! was the ingenuous and flattering avowal of the transcendent Laura Foscari, the pride of Venice, and paragon of her sex. No words can portray the boundless gratitude and affection with which she inspired me; nor will I attempt to describe the enchanting grace and varied intelligence of her conversation during the brief and delightful hour I remained with her. Too soon the breezes which announce the dawn shook the windows of the saloon; a luminous streak bordered the eastern sky; and Laura, starting suddenly from her chair, bade me begone.

"Thus terminated my first interview with this high-minded and incomparable woman. To-morrow, should no obstacle intervene, I will resume my narrative, and, at the same time, impart to you some particulars of my family and early life."

We then returned to the villa, and separated for the night.

CHAPTER III.

If the opening of Colonna's confession had excited surprise and emotion, the incidents detailed in his interesting narrative were a fertile source of anxiety and dismay. The veil of mystery was indeed raised, but the scene disclosed was haunted by menacing appearances; and I looked forward to the future with indescribable solicitude. The vehemence of Colonna's passion was alarming, and his impetuosity would too probably betray him into formidable peril. After mature consideration, however, I determined to rest my hopes of a happy termination to these difficulties upon his clear intellect, and his noble and generous heart. I mentally renewed my vow of everlasting friendship, and pledged myself to assist and defend him to the uttermost, under all circumstances of difficulty and peril.

On the following day we were surprised by an unwelcome visit from the brothers and destined husband of Laura. She had previously accompanied her mother more than once in a morning visit to our villa; but I had never surmised sympathy, nor even acquaintance, between her and Colonna, so skilfully did they preserve appearances. When he spoke of her, it was invariably in the language of an artist. He admired the rare and absolute symmetry of her face and form, in which she surpassed every woman he had seen. He even remarked, with well-assumed professional enthusiasm, how much it was to be regretted that her rank and education precluded the possibility of her benefiting the arts as a model. He deemed the proportions of her figure as admirable as those of the Grecian Venus at Florence; and her head, arms, and hands, as greatly superior. On farther retrospection, I recollected to have observed a richer glow on the cheek of Laura, whenever the lute of Colonna vibrated from the villa-gardens; or, when his thrilling and seductive voice sang some tender aria to the guitar.

The younger Foscari was fascinated by the appearance and conversation of Colonna, and expressed a wish to see his paintings. The party proceeded to his saloon, and readily acknowledged his fine taste, and evident promise of high excellence. Barozzo alone, a man of large stature, of haughty deportment, and of a repulsive and sinister aspect, assumed the critic; and betrayed, by his uncouth remarks, an utter ignorance of fine art. Colonna, however, with admirable self-possession, preserved the unassuming deportment of a young artist, ambitious of patronage; spoke of the extreme difficulty of attaining excellence in his profession, and gravely complimented Barozzo upon the accuracy of his judgment. The haughty senator was gratified and won by an admission so flattering to his pride; and condescended to request that Colonna would paint the portraits of his bride and himself. The young painter bit his lip as he bowed his acknowledgments; but expressed his high sense of the honor conferred, and his conviction that the portraits, if successful, would powerfully recommend him to the nobles of Venice, and prove a certain avenue to fame and fortune. It was agreed that on an early day Colonna should proceed with the requisite materials to the villa Foscari, and commence the portrait of Laura; after which, the cavaliers mounted their horses, and returned home.

To prevent a similar interruption on the succeeding day from any other quarter, I agreed with Colonna to rise with the sun, and proceed over the lake into the mountains with provisions for the day. We met at early dawn; and the birds were carolling their morning hymn, as with expanded sail, our bark bounded lightly across the lake. Ere long we saw the god of day, peeping with golden brow above the ridge of Monte Baldo; then, majestically advancing over the mountains near Verona, he poured a flood of bright and glowing beauty over the immense landscape. The water was partially concealed by the vapors of morning, and mists of purple hue floated like regal canopies above the cliffs, while a light breeze, rippling the centre of the lake, dispersed its tranquil slumber, and roused it into life and beauty. The peninsula of Sirmio lay basking in sunny radiance before us; and the mountains beyond displayed the grandeur of their immeasurable outline, varied by prominent and rugged masses, which were piled up in chaos like Ossa on Pelion. The eastern sky was robed in vapors of rosy tint, light clouds of pearly lustre floated in tranquil beauty through the heavens; and the Alpine eagles were careering in joyous and sweeping circles amid the pure ether.

Certainly the lake of Garda displays a rare combination of the beautiful and sublime. The shores abound in the wild and majestic, in variety and beauty of local tints, and picturesque vicissitudes of light and shade; while the olive crowned Sirmio, like the island-realm of a Calypso, reposes in regal pride upon the waters, and seems to hold in vassalage the opposite shores, and amphitheatre of mountains.

There have been some days in my existence which will ever be dear to my memory, and this was one of them. It was a cool and delicious morning in the beginning of October; my senses were refreshed with sleep; I was awake to the holy and calm influences of nature; and I anticipated the promised narrative of Colonna's early life with a lively interest which imparted new zest to every feeling, and new beauty to the glowing landscape. It was still early when we landed under the cliff, and availed ourselves of the dewy freshness of the morning to ascend a rugged path, which conducted us to a sequestered grove of beech and chestnut. From a crevice in the base of a rock feathered with flowering creepers, issued a limpid spring, which, after dispensing coolness and verdure to the grove, rolled onward with mild and soothing murmurs to the lower levels. Plunging our wine-flasks into the pure element where it burst into life from the parent-rock, we extended ourselves on the soft grass, and dismissed our boatmen, with orders to return at sunset. I then reminded Colonna of his promise to reveal to me some particulars of his early fortunes; and after a pause, during which his features were slightly convulsed, as if by painful recollections, he thus began:

"I am the sole survivor of one of the most illustrious families in Florence. My father was Leone di Montalto; and my mother was of the persecuted and noble race of the Albizi. They are both deceased; and I remain a solitary mourner, their first and only child. My mother died the day after my birth, and my father grieved for her long and sincerely; but the lapse of years, and frequent absences from Florence in the naval service of the state, healed his wounded spirit; and in an evil

hour he became deeply enamored of Isabella, third daughter of Cosmo de' Medici, the tyrant of unhappy Florence. She was the wife of Paul Orsini, the Roman, who, without any formal repudiation, had abandoned her, and resided entirely in Rome. This extraordinary woman was distinguished throughout Italy for personal beauty and rare intellectual accomplishment. Her conversation not only sparkled with wit, grace, and vivacity, but was full of knowledge and originality; and her great natural powers had been so highly cultivated, that she conversed with fluency in French, Spanish, and even in Latin. She performed with skill on various instruments—sang like a siren, and was an admirable improvisatrice. Thus highly gifted and adorned by nature and education, she was the idol of Cosmo, and ruled his court like a presiding goddess. Her time and her affections being unoccupied, she did not discourage the attentions of my father, who was one of the most elegant and accomplished men of his time; and blended the grace of a courtier with the free and gallant bearing of a distinguished commander. The dormant sensibilities of Isabella were soon awakened by the enthusiastic fervor of his attachment; and their secret intelligence had subsisted some time, when it was discovered by this jealous and vindictive Cosmo. My unfortunate parent was immediately arrested and imprisoned, but effected his escape, fled to Venice, and from thence to the Levant. His estates were confiscated under the pretext of treasonable practices; and I found a refuge and a home under the roof of my widowed aunt, Veronica Della Torre.

The heartless and meretricious Isabella relinquished my father without a sigh, or a struggle to save him, and consoled herself with court-pageantry, and a succession of new lovers, many of whom were sacrificed by her cunning and ruthless father. As a selfish voluptuary, and the destroyer of his country's liberty, Cosmo has been compared with Augustus; but in gratuitous and deliberate cruelty, he far surpasses his prototype.

"I was indebted to neglect and accident for the best of all educations. My father loved and cherished me; but his domestic calamity, his frequent absences from Florence, and, subsequently, his pursuit of Isabella, interfered with the customary course of education, and saved me from the despotism of a regular tutor, and from the debasing tyranny, the selfish and vulgar profligacy of those institutions of monkery, called public academies.

"It was surely the intention of Providence that the faculties of early life should not be strained by labors hostile to the healthful growth of mind and body; and that the heart, the senses, and the principles, should alone be tutored in the first ten years of life. And yet how egregiously has the folly of the creature perverted the benevolent purpose of the Creator! With thoughtless, heartless indifference he commits his tender offspring to the crushing tyranny of pedants and task-masters, who rack and stupify the imperfect brain, by vain attempts to convey dead languages through a dead medium; and inflict upon their helpless pupils the occult mysteries of grammar, which is the philosophy of language, and intelligible only to ripened faculties. Ask the youth who has toiled in prostration of spirit through the joyless years of school-existence in the preparatory seminaries of Italy—bid him look back upon his tedious pilgrimage, and weigh the scanty knowledge he has won against the abundant miseries he has endured from the

harsh discipline of monkish tutors, and the selfish brutality of senior class-fellows! His pride may prompt him to deny; but in honesty and fairness, he must admit, that the established system of education is radically vicious; that his attainments are meagre and superficial; that his knowledge of the world is selfishness and cunning; and that to rise above the herd of slaves and dunces, he must give himself a second and widely different education; more liberal, comprehensive, and practical.

"It was my happier fate to enjoy, until the age of ten, unbounded liberty. I associated with boys of my own age, selecting for frequent intercourse those most distinguished by strength of body, resource of mind, and a lofty and determined spirit. I disdained to be outdone in feats of bodily activity, and persevered with inflexible ardor until I surpassed all my competitors in running, wrestling, and swimming, and in every species of juvenile and daring exploit.

"From my aunt, who was an accomplished and high-minded woman, I learned to read and write, and gained with ease and pleasure a more than elementary knowledge of history; and when I had attained the age of twelve, my father, who was an able and distinguished commander, took me for three years on board his galley, in frequent cruises against the Corsairs. These voyages had a powerful and salutary influence upon my habits and character. The daily contemplation of the world of waters expanded and exalted my imagination, while the enlightened converse and daily instructions of my noble father, the regular discipline observed on board the galley, and occasional exposure to danger in tempests, or in contact with an enemy, induced energy and concentration of thought, decision and promptitude in action, contempt of fatigue and hardship, and a degree of self-possession which no common dangers could either daunt or disconcert.

"At the age of fifteen I returned to Florence, abandoned all boyish pursuits, and commenced a more regular and elaborate course of education. I had accumulated a store of ideas and associations which enabled me to apply my faculties with facility to every desirable attainment. The transition from material objects to the world of spirits, is natural and easy. I had already investigated with deep interest the histories of Greece and Rome; I now studied with ardor and success the languages of those high-minded nations; and, ere long, perused with insatiable delight, the pages of these master-spirits whose glorious names blaze like constellations through the dark night of antiquity.

"My early and ruling passion for the liberal arts, and especially for painting and architecture, induced me to seek the instructions of Giorgio Vasari. As an artist, he had never produced an original design, but he was an able teacher; and, notwithstanding his prejudices, he was unquestionably a man of refined taste and extensive knowledge. The garrulous old painter was delighted with the glow of my enthusiasm, and failed not to fan the flame with abundant encouragement.

"My indulgent father was induced, by the exuberant praises of Vasari, to permit my devotion of some hours daily to his instructions; but the year before his imprisonment and flight, he took the precaution to introduce me to a literary circle, eminent for clearness of intellect, and a sound and liberal philosophy. Intercourse with men of this class modified, in a considerable degree, my habits

and opinions, but it could not for a moment weaken my devotion to that sublime art which has ennobled modern Italy, and raised it from prostration and contempt, to moral dignity and grandeur.

"Several years elapsed after my father's escape, without bringing us any intelligence of his fate. This mysterious silence was a source of intense anxiety. Florence was hateful to me, and my impatience to rejoin my beloved parent became at length too vehement to be controlled any longer by the remonstrances of my aunt. I keenly felt all the injustice exercised by the tyrannous and reckless Cosmo against my family, and my departure was accelerated by the intimation from a friend at court, that my proceedings were watched by the secret agents of the usurper, and that any unguarded expression of political discontent, would be the signal of my incarceration, and, too probably, of banishment or death. I quitted Florence unobserved, changed my name, and proceeded to Venice, intending, while I pursued my inquiries after my father, to study the works of Titian, and to avail myself of the instructions of Tintoretti and Paul Veronese. The latter honored me with his friendship, and the venerable Titian encouraged me to visit him. I succeeded in my endeavors to cheer, with poetry and music, the declining spirits of the benevolent old man. He became attached to me, and finding that I had a painter's eye, he imparted to me some invaluable secrets of his art, a compliment the more gratifying and important, because it opened to me a source of honorable and independent provision, in case my paternal estate should never be restored to me.

"Last autumn I received intelligence from Florence that my father had entered the service of your republic on his arrival in the Levant, and had received the appointment of Captain in the garrison of Candia, under General Malatesta, a Florentine, whose son had been assassinated by order of Cosmo, on the discovery of an intrigue between this youth and his eldest daughter, Maria de' Medici. Nor did the hapless female escape the vengeance of her cruel parent. Her death was premature, and attended with circumstances which amounted to the clearest evidence that she was poisoned by her monstrous and unnatural parent. I had completed my preparations for departure, and waited only a change of wind to sail for Candia, when I received from my aunt the heart-rending communication that my father had shared the fate of young Malatesta, and been assassinated some years since, at the instigation of the ferocious Cosmo. This intelligence fell upon my soul like a thunderbolt. The wound which my beloved father's disappearance had inflicted on my happiness, opened anew, and my lacerated heart bled at every pore. I vowed implacable hatred and deadly vengeance against the prime mover and every subordinate agent in this atrocious murder of my noble parent. He was a great and admirable man, and I shall never cease to venerate his memory, and lament his untimely death. For many months, life was an intolerable burden to me, and I endured existence only in the hope of avenging him, and of rioting in the blood of his base assassins. The cruel instigator, Cosmo, was, alas! equally beyond the reach of my personal defiance and of my dagger. Hedged round by guards and minions, and compelled by his infirmities to seclude himself within the recesses of his palace, every attempt to approach him would have been vain, and my youthful and unenjoyed

existence would have been sacrificed without an equivalent. Nor have I yet been able to trace the agents of his bloody will; but my investigations have been vigilant and unceasing, and revenge, although delayed, is ripening over their heads."

Here the noble youth was checked in his narrative by a sudden burst of agony, which defied all disguise and control. Tears rolled in rapid succession down his cheeks, and his manly chest heaved with the audible sobs of bitter and deeply-seated anguish. Springing hastily from the turf, he threw himself on the margin of the stream, and immersed his face in its pure waters, to cool the fever of his burning cheeks. Surely there is no sorrow like the sorrow of a resolute and high-minded man. The sobs of woman in affliction awake our tenderest sympathies, but they do not shake our souls like the audible anguish of man. To see the iron frame of such a being as Colonna, heaving with loud and convulsive agony, was so truly appalling, that no time will erase the deep impression from my memory.

I respected his grief too much to interrupt it by premature attempts at consolation; but when he arose, I embraced him in silent sympathy, and endeavored to direct the current of his thoughts from the bitter past to a brighter future. I spoke of the advanced age and broken constitution of the licentious Cosmo, and inferred, from the mild and amiable character of his son, a speedy restoration to rank and property. I dwelt upon his own preëminence in strength of mind, and in every natural and acquired advantage; and I predicted, that, in defiance of adverse circumstances, he would, by his own unassisted efforts, accomplish a high and brilliant destiny. I proposed to obtain for him, through my father's influence, a naval command in the service of Venice, or a powerful recommendation to the valiant Genoese, Giovanni Doria.

He thanked me, with a look full of eloquent meaning, but made no comment on my proposal. After a brief pause, he subdued his emotion, and exclaimed, with a melancholy smile:—"Happy Venetians and Genoese! Your liberties have not been basely destroyed by an individual family, as those of Tuscany by the Medici. Your glorious republics adorn the east and west of Italy, with splendid achievements, while Florence, once the pride and glory of our country, lies prostrate in mourning and in slavery, betrayed and manacled by her unnatural sons!"

I availed myself of this apostrophe to make some comments upon the history of these distinguished republics, and insensibly drew Colonna into a discussion which was prolonged until the increasing heat made us sensible of the want of refreshment. The sun had reached the meridian, and the centre of the lake below, still fretted by the mountain breeze, was seething and glittering in the sunbeams, like a huge cauldron of melted silver, while the smooth and crystal surface near its shores reflected, like a mirror, projecting and receding cliffs of every form and elevation, crowned with venerable trees, and fringed with gay varieties of vegetable ornament. The timid and transparent lizards darted playfully around us, and golden beetles buzzed on heavy wings in the foliage above, while the light grasshoppers chirped their multitudinous chorus of delight, and myriads of gay and glittering insects held their jubilee in the burning atmosphere. Amidst this universal carnival of nature, we reclined in deep shade,

soothed by the tinkling music of the stream, and enjoying the dewy freshness which exhaled from its translucent waters. The inspiring juice of the Cyprus grape, and a light repast, rapidly recruited the strength and spirits of Colonna. Bounding vigorously from the green turf, he gazed with delight through the aged stems upon the bright landscape, and exclaimed with glowing enthusiasm,—“All-bounteous Providence! Creator of the glorious sun and teeming earth! how supremely blest were thy creatures, did they not embitter so much good by crime and folly!”

After a brief pause of rapturous contemplation, we resumed our wine flasks, our cheerfulness rose into exhilaration, and we reposed like sylvan deities in the green shade, enjoying the elasticity and freshness of youthful existence, forgetful of the past, and regardless of the future. But this day-dream was too delightful to last. I recollected that I had not heard the sequel of Colonna's adventures in Venice, and I broke the spell by whispering in his ear the name of “Laura.”

“Alas!” he replied, with visible emotion, “I fear this incomparable woman will never be mine, unless miracle or magic should interpose to vanquish the many obstacles to our union. Our interviews in Venice were attended with such imminent hazard of discovery, as to render them brief and of rare occurrence. My adored Laura was in the morning of life, and with the creative imagination of early youth, she cherished sanguine hopes that the death of the infirm Cosmo would, ere long, enable me to resume rank and property, and to demand her openly of her father. Until then, my resources were merely adequate to my personal support, being limited to a small maternal estate, left under the friendly guardianship of my aunt.”

“Nevertheless, plans of elopement were frequently discussed, and I vehemently urged her to become mine, and to accompany me to Greece, from whence, after I had accomplished a momentous object, we could embark for Marseilles, and proceed to Paris, where my skill as a painter, in addition to my maternal estate, would preserve us from indigence. As she did not peremptorily forbid me to expect her consent to this scheme, I ventured to build upon it; but when my preparations for flight were completed, her resolution failed, and I discovered, in the deeply-rooted attachment of Laura to her mother, an insuperable obstacle to the accomplishment of my purpose. For this kind and indulgent parent, her affection was all but idolatrous; and when she told me, with tearful eyes and throbbing bosom, that her beloved mother was in precarious health, that she was entirely dependent on her only daughter for earthly happiness, and that the loss of that daughter would destroy her, I must have been dead to every generous and disinterested feeling, had I not complied with her earnest entreaty, that we should await a more favorable course of events.”

“Meanwhile the distinguished beauty and numberless graces of Laura attracted many suitors. Some of these were not ineligible, and one of them especially, young Contarini, whose passion for her was ardent, almost to frenzy, was a man of noble qualities, of prepossessing exterior, and of equal rank, but, as you well know, too moderately endowed with the gifts of fortune. Every proposal was, however, promptly rejected by the ambitious Foscari, who, like a cold and calculating trader, measured the merits of each suitor by the extent of his possessions. At length, after the conclusion

of the war with Turkey in the spring, arrived from Greece the governor of Candia, Ercole Barozzo, whose splendid establishment and lavish expenditure attracted universal attention. His originally large possessions had been swelled into princely opulence by clandestine traffic with the enemy, and by every species of cruelty and exaction. His wife and two infant sons had fallen victims to the plague in the Levant; and being desirous of children to inherit his vast possessions, he surveyed the fair daughters of Venice, and was quickly fascinated by the superlative beauty of Laura Foscari, who shone unrivalled in a city distinguished for the beauty of the softer sex. Barozzo was not a suitor to be rejected by her sordid father; and, without any appeal to his daughter's inclinations, her hand was promised to a man of more than twice her age, forbidding in his exterior, coarse and revolting in his manners, and utterly destitute of redeeming qualities. I had determined, before my acquaintance with you commenced, to make occasional visits during the summer to Peschiera, and I hesitated to accept your proposal, from an apprehension that it would impede my interviews with Laura. On farther consideration, however, I perceived that my abode under your roof would not be incompatible with nocturnal visits to the villa Foscari, and I became your guest. My interviews with Laura have been more frequent in this quiet and rural district, than in the narrow streets and numerous obstacles of Venice. The wide extent of her father's garden enables me to scale the wall unperceived, and to reach a garden saloon communicating by a covered trellis walk with the villa. Laura's abhorrence of the presuming and insolent Barozzo has proved a powerful auxiliary to my renewed entreaties, that she would fly with me from the miseries which menace her, and I have recently succeeded in obtaining her reluctant consent to accompany me to Genoa, and from thence to Greece. A fortnight hence is appointed for the celebration of her marriage to the wretch who basely woos her, with a consciousness of her unqualified antipathy to his person and character. If the strong attachment of Laura to her mother does not again baffle my hopes, we shall effect our escape three days before the one appointed for her marriage with Barozzo; but I can discern too well, through her invincible dejection, that she is still balancing the dreadful alternatives of a marriage abhorrent to her feelings, and the abandonment of her mother.”

Such was the tale of Colonna's brief, but trying and calamitous career. Deeply as I lamented his approaching departure, I felt too much interested in his success to withhold my active coöperation, and I pledged myself to promote his views as far as I could, without openly compromising myself with the Foscari family; but I entreated him to relinquish his design of painting the portraits of Laura and Barozzo, from an apprehension that a lover so fervent and demonstrative would, in some unguarded moment, excite suspicion, and frustrate the accomplishment of his ultimate views. He thanked me for the ready zeal with which I had entered into his feelings, and assured me, that he had no intention of proceeding beyond the outlines of the governor's portrait; but that, as a lover and an artist, he could not deny himself the gratification of portraying the matchless form and features of the woman he adored.

The day was declining when we quitted our cool retreat to ascend the mountain behind us, and

inhale the pure breezes which played around the summer. We gazed with long and lingering delight upon the bright landscapes of Lombardy, as they glowed beneath us in the parting sunbeams, and the shades of night were fast falling around us when we crossed the lake, on our return to the villa.

CHAPTER IV.

Early on the following morning, the younger brother of Laura called to request the promised attendance of Colonna at the villa Foscari, and I determined to accompany him, hoping, by my presence, to remind the young painter of the necessity of exercising a vigilant control over his feelings. The precaution was, however, unnecessary. He sustained, with singular self-mastery, the demeanor of an artist and a stranger; and appeared, while sketching the form and features of his lovely mistress, to have no other object than to seize the most important and characteristic peculiarities of his model. He requested that she would occasionally walk round the saloon, and freely indulge in familiar converse with her friends, as if no artist were present. His object was, he added, to accomplish, not a tame and lifeless copy, but a portrait, stamped with those peculiar attributes and graces which are best elicited by a free and unconstrained movement of limb and feature.

Thus admirably did he mask the lover, and assume the look and language of an artist ambitious to recommend himself to opulent employers.

The sensitive and unhappy Laura had less command over her feelings, and I could occasionally observe a furtive glance of sympathy beaming from her dark and humid eye upon the elegant painter; but when she addressed him, it was with the air and language of condescension to one whose services might be purchased; thus endeavoring to disguise the strong and almost irrepressible emotion which quivered beneath the surface.

Her mother never-quitted her during the sitting; Barozzo and the Foscari visited the saloon occasionally; and I remained to control the lover, and, at the same time, to improve myself by observing the artist. The fine lineaments of Laura were too deeply engraven on the heart of Colonna to render frequent sittings essential: and, in compliance with my remonstrances, he abridged them as much as possible. After the second sitting, he told her that he should not again require her presence until he had completed the portrait, when some finishing detail might be requisite. He devoted a large portion of the five following days to a task so soothing to his feelings; and on the morning of the sixth day, astonished the assembled family by producing a highly-finished and admirable resemblance.

The charming subject of his portrait was painted the size of life, and attired in a light morning robe of green silk. The full and elegant symmetry of her form was indicated through the graceful folds, which fell around her like the richest sculpture. She stood in a contemplative attitude, leaning, like some heavenly muse, upon a golden tripod of chaste and classical design. High intelligence adorned with its imperishable beauty her fair and lofty forehead. Her large dark eyes, which beamed through their long fringes with soft and melting lustre, were gazing as if into futurity, and their tender and eloquent expression went to the soul of the observer. The finely moulded oval of her cheek glowed with the roseate hues of life,

and the pearly lustre of the neck and arms was surpassed only by the clear and brilliant fairness of the lovely original, while in the beautifully curved lips Colonna had introduced a slight compression, indicative of that heroic firmness in the character of Laura, which had not escaped his penetration, but did not until a later period, fully develop itself.

The scene was a garden saloon, and through an open window an extensive view over the lake of Garda arrested with magic power, the eye of every beholder. Sirnio appeared like a woody island in the middle distance, and beyond the lake rose an amphitheatre of mountains, surmounted by the distant summits of the Tyrolese Alps. There was in this admirable portrait all the charm of witchery and life. It possessed much of the dignity, and ease, and harmonious coloring of Titian; and the exquisite blending and management of the tints betrayed the favorite pupil of Paul Veronese, whom, indeed, he surpassed in the natural folding and classical distribution of draperies, and fully equalled in the force of light and shade, which makes the portraits of that able master appear to stand out from the canvass.

The next day was devoted to the finishing of some details in the portrait of Laura; and on the succeeding morning I accompanied Colonna to the apartment of Barozzo, who was desirous that his portrait should be completed before his marriage. The artist fixed upon the haughty governor the firm gaze of his dark and piercing eye, and proceeded to pencil the outlines of his stern and massive features. After the lapse of a few minutes, he remarked to Barozzo, that he had never seen a countenance, the character of which he found so difficult to trace to its primitive elements. "The lineaments of mature age," he continued, "are hard and inflexible, and when the eloquent play and pliancy of youthful feelings have left the features, it is impossible, without frequent intercourse, to detect the peculiarities and secret recesses of character, with sufficient accuracy to give force and truth to a portrait." He conceived that to accomplish the perfect delineation of a man of middle age and of distinguished rank, a painter should not only share his society, but know the history of his life, and study the lights and shades of his character. It was thus that Raffaele succeeded in conveying to the portraits of Julius II., Leo X., and their cardinals, such intellectual dignity, such truth and grandeur of expression. He doubted, nevertheless, whether any artist could achieve a perfect portrait of a man of high station if he did not rise above his employer, not only in imaginative powers, but in strength of mind and penetration into character.

The riveted and searching looks which from time to time accompanied this singular and equivocal strain of compliment, appeared greatly to perplex and annoy the haughty Barozzo. His tawny visage was dyed with the dusky red of some strong inward emotion, which I was eager but unable to interpret. This suffusion was soon succeeded by an ashy paleness, and suddenly he quitted his chair, and walked to the window.

During this ominous and unaccountable interruption, I gave Colonna a warning glance. He composed his excited features into tranquillity; and after a long pause, of which I endeavored to disguise the embarrassment by some comments on the Venetian school of painting, Barozzo returned from the window and resumed his seat. Colonna

seized his pencil, and proceeded to sketch the outline of the governor's figure, during which process I observed in his looks nothing beyond the earnest gaze of a portrait-painter. For some time Barozzo avoided the encounter; but at length, as if controlled by some secret and irresistible fascination, his eyes again met those of the young artist. The effect of this collision was mysterious and startling. The bright orbs of Colonna gradually assumed a stern and indignant expression, and darted their searching beams upon the governor, as if to pierce the inmost recesses of his soul. The dull grey eyes of the again agitated Barozzo quailed and fell under this intolerable scrutiny; his sallow visage was suffused with a ghastly yellow; again he glanced in terror at the artist, and then half-rose from his chair in undisguised consternation. Controlling, however, with sudden effort, his agitation, he resumed his seat, and, with averted looks, and seeming indifference, inquired if Colonna had resided long in Venice. The painter filled his brush, and answered carelessly, that he had lived there a few months.

"Your accent is Tuscan," continued Barozzo. "Are you a native of Florence?"

"I am," replied the painter, seemingly intent upon his employment.

"Do your parents reside there?" resumed the other, with rising emphasis.

"Parents!" exclaimed Colonna, with a keen glance at the inquisitive governor; "I have none! They are dead!"

"Who and what was your father?" demanded Barozzo imperiously.

This inquiry, and its peremptory tone, exhausted the patience of Colonna. Dashing the paint out of his brush, he fixed a look of startling fierceness on Barozzo, and answered, with marked and bitter emphasis,—"He was a sword-cutler, and made excellent blades."

At this critical moment Laura entered the room with her mother, to observe the progress of Barozzo's portrait. Casting a hasty glance at the imperfect sketch, she remarked that it did not at all realize her expectations. The painter replied, that he should have succeeded better if he had enjoyed the honor of a longer acquaintance with the governor. "It is immaterial," exclaimed Barozzo, who had fully regained his self-possession. "We shall, ere long, become better known to each other, and you may finish my portrait at Venice in the course of the ensuing winter."

"As your excellency pleases," replied Colonna, and removed the canvass from the easel. The ladies now quitted the saloon with the governor; and, soon as the door was closed, the artist defaced the ill-fated portrait with a blow of his fist, packed up his drawing materials for removal, and accompanied me home.

Conceiving that the portentous agitation of Barozzo had grown out of some incipient feelings of jealousy and suspicion, I remonstrated with Colonna, during our walk, on the gratuitous imprudence of his deportment, and pointed out the personal danger he had incurred by thus taunting a man so powerful and irritable as the governor of Candia. I urged him to accelerate his flight, and, meanwhile, never to leave the villa unarmed.

In reply, however, he expressed his conviction that the sudden change of countenance and color in Barozzo did not originate in jealousy, and that a man so imperious and overbearing would have betrayed this spirit-stirring passion in a manner widely different. "No, Pisani!" he continued in

a voice quivering with emotion; "my suspicions go farther. The springs of this man's actions lie deep, and a prophetic spirit tells me that he is not innocent of my noble father's murder. Until this morning, he deigned not to bestow more than a superficial glance upon the features of an obscure artist, in homely apparel, but when our eyes met, in keen and unavoidable collision, the resemblance I bear to my deceased parent flashed upon his guilty soul; and from his sudden and uncontrollable emotion, I cannot but infer his participation in the crimes of Cosmo. Inference, you will say, is no proof; but it gives me a clue which I will track until I reach conviction. It is the intention of Laura, who cannot resolve to quit her mother, to retard for a considerable period the celebration of her marriage, by feigned paroxysms of indisposition. I will avail myself of this delay to bring home to Barozzo the evidence of his guilt, and defy him to mortal combat; or, should he shrink from it, I will treat him as a savage and noxious animal, and hunt him to the death."

I could not but admit that there was some ground for the suspicions of Colonna; but, from an apprehension of rousing his whirlwind passions into premature activity, I concealed from him my knowledge that, before the departure of Barozzo for Candia, he had passed some weeks at Florence, where his congenial disposition had powerfully recommended him to the good graces of Cosmo. They were in the habit of daily intercourse, and Barozzo was not the man who would, from honorable feeling, decline to forward the murderous views of the implacable ruler of Tuscany.

From this eventful day Colonna was an altered man. Revenge became the ruling passion of his soul; and while he awaited with gnawing impatience the long-expected letters from his friends in Florence and Candia, he seemed to find no relief from the feverish rage which fired his blood, and wasted his fine form, but in the bodily fatigue of daily and nightly rambles in the mountains.

It was the design of Laura to assume the appearance of sudden and violent illness on the day before her intended marriage, and to sustain the deception, by occasional relapses, for months, or even years, should the governor's patience endure so long. But the probability was, that a man, advancing towards the autumn of life, and determined to marry, would rather recede from his engagement, and seek another mate, than run the risk of such indefinite delay. The spirit and address of Laura Foscari were fully equal to the deep game she had determined to play. She purposed to assist the deception by staining her fair face with an artificial and sickly hue; and she found an effective auxiliary in her mother, who thought the brutal Barozzo utterly unworthy to win and wear so bright a jewel as her angelic daughter. These expedients were, however, rendered unnecessary by the bloody catastrophes which were now at hand.

Three days before the appointed celebration of the marriage, I was reading, near midnight, in my chamber, when Colonna entered, with vehement and hasty strides. His large eyes glittered with terrific energy; his forehead streamed with perspiration; his dress and hair were in wild disorder, and his hands were dyed with blood. He said not a word, but paced the apartment for some time with rapidity. His deportment was that of a man whose rage had risen above his control, and overwhelmed all power of articulation. I awaited in silent and wondering sympathy the termination of emotions so tempestuous. At length, seating him-

self opposite to me, he struck the table vehemently with his clenched hand, and after some vain attempts to speak, exclaimed, in hoarse and hurried tones, which gave an appalling force to his expressions,—“Pisani! all doubt is at an end—I have this night obtained conclusive evidence of Barozzo’s guilt. I have sworn to avenge my noble father’s wrongs in the traitor’s blood—and to-morrow he must face me in fair combat, or feel my dagger in his craven heart. The alternative will hinge upon your friendly agency—but of that hereafter. About three hours since I reached the heights beyond the lake. Exhausted with a long and toilsome ramble, I threw myself beneath our favorite beech, and was soon lulled by the rippling waters into brief and agitated slumber. My sleep was haunted by a succession of fearful forms and painful incidents, which at length assumed a shape distinctly and horribly significant. Methought I lay upon the summit of a cliff, close to the sloping brink, and gazed into a gulf too deep and dark for human eye to fathom. Suddenly the immense void was illumined by sheets of vivid lightning—a monstrous peal of thunder broke upon my ear—and a colossal form, lengthened and scaly as a serpent, rose like the demon of the storm, approached the edge of the precipice, and brought his horrid visage to the level of mine. Again the lightning flashed, and I distinguished the assassin features of Barozzo, expanded into horrible and revolting magnitude. Eyes, lurid and menacing as meteors, glared upon me with a malignant scowl, and huge lips, parted in a fiendish grin, disclosed an array of fangs, pointed and glittering as poniards. He extended two gaunt and bony hands, stained, methought, with my father’s blood, and tried to seize and drag me into the gulf. While writhing to escape the monster’s grasp, the thunder again rolled through the abyss; the cliff beneath me reeled from its foundations, the brink began to crumble, and my destruction appeared inevitable—when, suddenly the strains of sweet and solemn music floated round me—the demon vanished, and I beheld the pale phantom of my murdered father, extending towards me his protecting arms. At this moment of intense excitement, the spell which bound me was dissolved—I awoke, and saw by the brilliant moonlight a tall figure, enveloped in a mantle, approaching me in stealthy silence. Gazing more intently, I discovered a dagger in his grasp. In an instant I was on my feet—the figure rushed forward, but ere he could reach me, I stood behind the tree, and thus gained time to level a pistol at his head. Seeing me thus prepared, the villain retreated hastily, but escaped not the bullet, which my unerring weapon buried in his back. He reeled and fell; and his life-blood was ebbing fast, when I stooped to examine his features. Raising the slouched hat which concealed his face, I immediately recognized a handsome Greek, attached to the retinue of Barozzo. I had occasionally seen this man in a tavern at Peschiera. His demeanor was fierce and repulsive, but my eagerness to learn some particulars of my father’s untimely death in Candia, prompted me to cultivate his acquaintance, and I played with him the game of Morra, forgave his losses, and paid for his wine. Whether the remembrance of this kindness excited his compunction, or whether he wished to atone for his past offences, I know not, but he thus addressed me in broken accents.

“Son of Montalto! a just retribution has overtaken me. My necessities sold me to the savage Barozzo. He hired the dagger which pierced thy

noble father, and the same weapon would have destroyed thee, had not thy better fortune interposed. Listen to the counsel of a dying man. Beware of Barozzo! He has a long grasp, and will not spare thy young life. Fly, without delay, or thy destruction is inevitable!”

“Here his voice failed him; a convulsive tremor shook his frame; he became motionless, and apparently lifeless. But Greeks are cunning to a proverb, and as it was of vital moment to conceal from the governor the failure of his murderous design, I struck the assassin’s dagger deep into his heart, and rolled him down the slope of a contiguous ravine. I now recollected that Barozzo had twenty Greek bloodhounds carousing in the taverns of Peschiera, and thinking it too probable that he had commissioned more than one of them to hunt me down, I crossed the lake to devise with you the means to detach this demon from his myrmidons, and force him into single combat. I have bound myself by all that is most sacred to destroy him, or to perish in the attempt; and should no fair and open avenue to vengeance offer, I will stab him at Foscari’s table, or even rend him limb from limb at Laura’s feet. And now, my Angelo! I conjure you by our bond of friendship, by every generous feeling in your nature, to lend me that aid, without which I shall be driven to the desperate and ignoble alternative of assassination. You know well that it would be in vain to summon the governor of Candia to a personal encounter. He is a veteran soldier of established reputation, and he knows that he need not fight to maintain it; nor will a man who has reached the summit of opulence and distinction descend from his vantage-ground, and risk the loss of so much earthly good in mortal combat, with the proscribed and desperate son of Montalto.”

To this tale of visionary and real horrors, heightened and dramatized by the indignant eloquence of Colonna, I listened with intense interest, and my abhorrence of the monstrous cruelty of Barozzo swelled into active sympathy, and a firm resolve to second, at all hazards, the just vengeance of this noble and deeply injured youth. I felt also the necessity of immediate interference to save his life. The governor was evidently fearful of the retribution so justly due to his unparalleled atrocity, and he had, moreover, been galled to the quick by the taunting deportment of the young artist while sitting for his portrait. He would soon suspect the failure of his first attempt upon the life of Colonna, and would inevitably follow up his base design, by employing the numerous daggers in his pay. The hatred of the young Florentine was deadly and implacable, and his determination to sacrifice this mortal foe of his family, spurned all control and raged like a tempest; but his impetuosity would prevent the accomplishment of his object, and too probably betray him into the toils of his cool and crafty enemy, who never quitted the villa Foscari without one or more well-armed attendants. From an affectation, too, of military display, or probably from a consciousness that he had many personal enemies, the governor wore at all times a corslet of scaled armor, composed of the light, well-tempered Spanish steel, which resists the point of sword or dagger. Had I wished to save the life of this lawless pander to the cruelty of Cosmo, I saw no expedient which would not expose my valued friend to imminent and deadly peril; and could I for a moment hesitate between the chival-

rous, the princely Colonna, so unrivalled in form and feature, so elevated and pure in sentiment, so eminently fitted, by his high intelligence, his glowing diction, and his kindling, all-impelling energies, to rouse a better, higher, nobler spirit, in all who came within the sphere of his activity—could I pause an instant between this first of nature's nobles and the base Barozzo, who, inaccessible to pity, and fortified against all compunction by years of crime, had, unprovoked, and with the malice of a demon, destroyed the best and bravest of the sons of Florence?

With prompt and ardent enthusiasm, I assured him of my devotion to his cause, and unfolded to him a stratagem, which my knowledge of the surrounding country, and of the habits of Barozzo, had really suggested. During the frequent absence of Colonna, I had occasionally joined the governor in his equestrian excursions, and from neighborly feeling to the senator Foscari, had escorted his guest to the most picturesque scenery of this romantic district. His rides were daily, and at the same hour. I proposed to join him as usual, and to lead him into a narrow and unfrequented defile in the mountains, which rises from the lake about three leagues from Peschiera. Colonna might there await and force him into personal encounter, while I would act as umpire, and prevent any interference from the Greek escort of the wary chieftain. At this proposal Colonna eagerly approached, and embraced me with grateful rapture. His dark eye kindled with its wonted fire; his pallid cheeks were flushed; the settled gloom, which had so long clouded his fine features, vanished like mists before the sun, and was succeeded by a radiant and exulting energy, eloquently expressive of his conviction that the hope on which he had lived so long, the hope of just revenge, would now be realized.

I urged him to seek, in immediate repose, the restoration of his exhausted strength, and undertook to provide him with a managed horse, armor, and weapons, which should place him upon a level with his mailed and well-mounted antagonist. Horse and armor, however, he promptly declined. He would find an expedient, he said, to compel Barozzo to fight him foot to foot, and he pledged himself to find a way with a good weapon through the scaly corslet of his serpent foe. He requested only a straight two-edged sword, of well-trying temper; and a woodman's axe, the purpose of which he did not explain. He then left me to plunge into the lake, and to find in its pure and bracing waters that refreshment which, he said, it would be a vain attempt to obtain in sleep, while I proceeded to my father's armory, and selected from the numerous weapons which adorned it, a long and powerful two-edged blade, which he had brought from the Levant. This sword was black from hilt to point, and destitute of ornament, except some golden hieroglyphics near the guard; but I knew that it had stood the brunt of several stirring campaigns, without material injury to its admirable edge and temper.

After a short and unrefreshing slumber, I arose with the sun, and hastened, with the sword and woodman's axe, to the saloon of Colonna. His garb was usually plain, almost to homeliness, and chosen probably with a view to the better concealment of his rank; but for this day of vengeance, he had donned the princely costume of the Tuscan nobles. A rich vest of embroidered scarlet, and pantaloons of woven silk were closely

fitted to his noble person, which, I have said before, was fashioned in the choicest mould of manly beauty, and now, so worthily adorned, displayed in all its high perfection that faultless union of symmetry and strength, so rarely seen in life; equalling, indeed, the Vatican Antinous in classic elegance of form, but far surpassing that fine statue in stature and heroic character of look and bearing. A mantle of the richest velvet hung from his well-formed shoulders, while a nodding plume adorned his Spanish hat and shaded his dark eyes, which lighted up as they beheld me with bright and eager flashes of impatience.

"Thou art indeed the 'pearl and pride of Florence,' my Colonna!" I exclaimed, in irrepressible admiration, applying, as I approached him, the poetical smile of his Laura.

Regardless of the compliment, he grasped the unpretending weapon I held out to him, and plucked it from the scabbard. Tracing at a glance its Oriental pedigree, he doubled the strong blade with ease, until the point touched and rebounded from the guard, and then severed with its unyielding edge, an iron nail projecting from the wall. "This plain old weapon," said he, with an exulting smile, "is worth a dukedom." "I will pierce a panoply of Milan steel, and I pledge myself to make it search the vitals of this ruffian governor. But these are words, Pisani; and words, the Roman proverb says, are feminine, while deeds alone are masculine. Farewell, then, till we meet in the defile. It is essential to my purpose that I reach the ground some hours before Barozzo."

He then embraced me cordially, concealed the axe beneath his mantle, and departed for the mountains, intending to cross the lake to a point not distant from the scene of action. At an early hour I mounted my horse, and rode towards the villa Foscari. In the vicinity of Peschiera I descried the governor proceeding on his daily morning excursion to the mountains. I had hitherto rarely seen him with more than one attendant, but he was now closely followed by two well mounted Greeks of lofty stature, attired in the gorgeous costume of the Levant, and armed with scimitar and dagger. The square and athletic person of their chief was arrayed in the splendid garb of a military commander of distinguished rank. His ample chest was covered with a corslet of light scale-armor, which yielded to every motion of his frame, and was partially concealed by a broad sash, and a capacious velvet mantle. A sword of unusual length hung from his belt, whence also projected the handle of a poniard, which blazed with jewels of great lustre and value. At the age of forty-two, Barozzo was still in the full vigor of manhood, and the martial ease and energy of his movements indicated that he would find full occupation for the quick eye and unrivalled skill of the comparatively unarmed Colonna.

The governor saluted me as usual, and after some remarks upon the beauty of the surrounding scenery, he carelessly inquired where my friend the painter was. I replied, that he was gone up the lake in his bark, and described him as an itinerant personage, who delighted in ranging over the Brescian mountains, where he passed considerable portion of his time in sketching, and was but an occasional inmate of my father's villa. The governor made no comment, and resumed his observations on the wild mountain scenery to which we were approaching. I inquired if he had yet

discovered in his rides a defile of singular and romantic beauty, the avenue to which, from the main road, was concealed by a grove of beech. He replied in the negative, and assented to my proposal that we should explore it. A ride of two hours brought us to the secluded entrance of this picturesque ravine, and we descended into its deep and silent recesses. The road was stony, rugged, and unfrequented; and, except at intervals, admitted only two horsemen abreast. The mountains on each side rose with bold abruptness, and their mossy surfaces were dotted with perennial oaks and lofty beeches, which threw their arched and interwoven branches across the chasm, and intercepted agreeably the glare and heat of the morning sun. We had proceeded about a league along this still and dusky hollow, when we distinguished the sound of a woodman's axe, and the sharp report of its sonorous echo from the opposite cliffs. We soon reached the spot above which the laborer was employed, but the profusion of foliage and underwood entirely screened the person of the woodman, whose axe continued to descend with unabated energy. We had advanced about a hundred paces beyond this point, when our course was arrested by a groaning and mighty crash, succeeded by a stunning shock, which shook the ravine like an earthquake, and was reëchoed in deep, long mutterings by the adjacent rocks. Tranquillizing our startled coursers, we looked around and beheld a colossal beech, lying in the narrow pathway, which it filled up like a rampart. The Greeks, who had loitered to discern, if possible, the person of the vigorous woodman, were intercepted by the fallen giant of the mountain, but had escaped injury, as we could perceive them in their saddles through the foliage.

Startled by the ominous appearance of this incident, the governor immediately rode back, and bade his attendants dismount and lead their horses over a sheep-path which rose on the mountain slope, above the level of the fallen tree, while he would ride on slowly until they rejoined him. Execrating the peasant who had thus annoyed him, he turned his courser's head, and we proceeded at a slow pace to the now contiguous spot which I had described to Colonna as best suited to his purpose. Here the base of an enormous cliff projected like a rampart into the defile, and sloped abruptly into two right angles, connected by a level line of nearly perpendicular rock, which rose in castellated grandeur to a towering height. The numerous crevices and hollows were fringed with dazzling heath-flowers and luxuriant creepers, between which the bare black surface of the rock frowned on the passing gazer, like the ruined stronghold of some mountain robber. We now turned the first angle of the cliff, looking upward as we rode at the majestic front of this singular work of nature. Still gazing, we had proceeded about fifty paces, and the governor was remarking, that the level and lofty summit would make a commanding military station, when suddenly our coursers halted, and looking down we saw before us the tall and kingly figure of Colonna standing like an apparition in the pathway. His right hand rested on his unsheathed sword, and his attitude was that of careless and assured composure; but in his gathered brow, and in the boding glitter of his eye, I could discern the deadly purpose of the forest lion, about to spring upon his prey, and fully confident in his own powers and resources. At this sudden encounter of Montalto's son, who

seemed to start with spectral abruptness from the ground beneath us, Barozzo shook in his saddle as if he had seen an accusing spirit. For a moment the blood left his face, his breath shortened, and his chest heaved with strong internal emotion, but his iron features soon regained their wonted character of intrepidity. He then darted upon me a keen look of inquiry and suspicion; before, however, he had time to speak, Colonna was upon him. Rapidly advancing, he seized the bridle of his horse, and thus addressed him:—"Barozzo! the measure of thy crimes is full, and retribution is at hand! Colonna the painter is no more, but the son of Montalto has escaped thy dagger, and demands atonement for his father's blood. Dismount, assassin, and defend thy worthless life!"

The deep and startling grandeur of Colonna's voice, and the implacable hostility which flashed from his fierce eyeballs, shook the firm sinews of the guilty governor, and again his swarthy lineaments were blanched with terror. By a sudden and powerful effort, however, he regained self-mastery, and gathering into his grim features all the pride and insolence of his soul, he darted upon his youthful enemy a sneer of contempt. "Presuming vagrant!" he shouted, in accents hoarse with wrath, "dare to impede my progress, and my retinue, which is at hand, shall scatter thy limbs on the highway!"

Still firmly grasping the bridle, Colonna eyed him for a moment with quiet scorn, and then he smiled—briefly indeed, but with a stinging mockery, a hot and withering scorn of eye and lip, that seared the haughty chieftain to the brain. Writhing with sudden frenzy, he spurred his mettled charger, and endeavored to ride down his opponent; but the generous animal, true to the better instincts of a nature nobler than his master's, refused to advance, and plunged and demi-volted with a violence which would have unseated a less experienced rider. At this moment, the heavy trampling of approaching horses rolled in doubling echoes through the ravine. Encouraged by the welcome sound, Barozzo attempted to draw his sword, but before the plunging of his horse would allow him to reach the hilt, the vigilant Colonna smote him on the cheek with his sheathed weapon. Then relinquishing the bridle, and stepping lightly sideways, he struck the horse's flank, and the startled animal, straining every sinew, bounded away like a ball, and quickly disappeared round the second angle of the cliff, followed by the loud laugh of the exulting Colonna, whose fierce ha! ha! reëchoed through the rocky hollow like a trumpet call. Meanwhile the Greeks, who had turned the first angle in time to behold the termination of the struggle, drew their sabres, and pushing their horses into a gallop, rushed down upon us like infuriated tigers. Anticipating their attack, I was not unprepared to aid my gallant friend in this emergency; but all assistance was superfluous to one so fertile in resources. He turned with graceful promptitude upon the savage Cretans, and before their powerful steeds could measure the short intervening distance, his sword was firmly set between his teeth, and two pistols appeared with magical abruptness in his grasp. Levelled by an eye which never failed, these weapons lodged a bullet in the breast of each approaching Greek. The colossal riders reeled in their saddles; their sabres quivered in their weakened grasp, and reclining for support upon the necks of their startled horses, they successively

passed us, and turned the angle beyond which their chief had disappeared. Colonna now threw down his pistols, and exclaimed exultingly, "Now is the crowning hour, my Angelo! follow me, and you shall find the scaly monster of my dream caught in a trap from which no human power can free him."

I rode by his side in wondering anticipation, and when we had passed the angle, I beheld a scene which still remains engraven on my memory. The defile here expanded into an irregular oval, the extremity of which was blocked up by a dense and impervious mass of young beech and poplar, rising above thrice the height of a tall man, and levelled that morning by the ponderous axe of the indefatigable Colonna. The courser of Barozzo had plunged deep into the leafy labyrinth, and the unhorsed governor, entangled by his velvet drapery, was endeavoring to extricate himself from the forked and intersecting branches, while the horses of the Greeks stood panting in the shade, near the bleeding bodies of their fallen masters, and the noble brutes snorted with horror, and shook in every joint, as with lowered necks and flaming eyes, they snuffed the blood of the expiring wretches.

As we approached the governor, he succeeded in releasing himself by cutting his rich mantle into shreds with his dagger. Stepping out of his leafy toils, he stood before us like a wild beast caught in a hunter's trap, foaming, furious, and breathless, but evidently dismayed by the sudden and irremediable loss of his armed followers. Divested of the drapery which had served the double purpose of concealment and display, we observed that he was accoutred in back and breast proof armor, of the light steel scales I have before described. He looked the very serpent of Colonna's dream, and the malignant scowl of his small and snaky eyes gave singular force to the resemblance. His generous enemy allowed him time to recover from the fatigue of disentangling himself, and then approached him. "Barozzo!" said he, "last night I shot thy cowardly assassin. In dying penitence he called himself *thy* agent in the murder of my noble parent, and bade me shun the daggers of thy savage Cretans. But Montalto's son would risk a thousand lives to gain his just revenge, and again he warns thee to defend thy life. Pisani shall be umpire of the combat, and his time-honored name is pledge enough that no foul play is meant thee."

The governor, who had now recovered breath and self-possession, folded his arms, and met the stern defiance of his youthful foe with a look of contemptuous indifference. Not deigning a reply, he addressed himself to me in tones of angry expostulation, and expressed his indignant surprise that a son of the Senator Pisani should thus lend himself to the designs of a young vagrant, who was destined to grace the benches of a galley. My reply was anticipated by the fiery Colonna, whose sword flashed with lightning quickness from the scabbard, while his haughty lip curled up with unutterable scorn.

"Remorseless villain!" he shouted, in a voice of appalling wrath, "I know a venom yet shall sting thy recreant spirit into action. Know, Ercole Barozzo! that Foscarei's daughter was wooed and won by me—plighted her troth to me—long ere she saw thy truceful and yellow visage. Nay, more, she would ere this have fled with me from Lombardy, had not higher duties staid our mutual purpose."

The governor, although a renowned and fearless soldier in earlier life, had betrayed a terror on the first view of Colonna, and a reluctance to engage with him in single-handed conflict, which I had referred to the depressing action of a diseased conscience, or to the increased love of life generated by his prosperous condition; but a taunt like this was beyond all human endurance; it stung him to the very soul, and roused his lazy valor into life and fury. His sinews stiffened with rage, and his widely opened eyes glared upon Colonna like those of a tigress at bay, while his teeth remained firmly clenched, and inaudible maledictions quivered on his working lips. Tearing his formidable sword from its sheath, he rushed like one delirious upon his smiling adversary, and their blades met with a clash which told the deadly rancor of the combatants.

I now witnessed a conflict unparalleled for intense and eager thirst of blood. It was truly the death grapple of the lion and the serpent. The noble and generous Colonna, pursuing his just revenge, and trusting, like the kingly animal, to native strength and courage, sought no unfair advantage; while the crafty Barozzo, huge in body, tortuous in mind, and scaled with impenetrable steel, well personified the reptile of Colonna's vision. Although a practised and wary swordsman, he did not wield his weapon like Colonna, who, with equal skill in stratagem and feint, was unrivalled in that lightning-quickness, and ready sympathy of eye and hand, for which the Italians are preëminent amongst the swordsmen of Europe; but the courage and self-possession of the governor had been exercised in frequent conflicts with the Moslem; his sinews were strung with martial toil and daily exercise; and his well-mailed person presented so little vulnerable surface as greatly to protract and facilitate his defence. He soon learned, however, to respect the formidable skill, and untiring arm of his young opponent, whose weapon played with a motion so rapid and incessant, that he seemed to parry and thrust at the same instant; and had not the large and powerful hand of Barozzo retained a firm grasp of his hilt, he would have been disarmed at the first onset. After a few passes, Colonna's point struck the centre of the governor's corslet with a force which made the scales sink deep beneath the pressure, but the tempered steel resisted this and many other well-directed hits. The conflict proceeded with unabated fierceness, and for a period which would have utterly exhausted men of ordinary lungs and sinews, when Barozzo, finding all his lunges ineffective, and fearing premature exhaustion, endeavored to sustain and collect his powers by remaining on the defensive; but it was now too late. His sword was irrecoverably entangled in the whirlwind involutions of Colonna's weapon—his hold began to relax—and he saw the moment rapidly approaching when he should be disarmed, and at the mercy of an unappeasable foe. Despairing of success, thirsting for revenge, and regardless of the laws of fair and open combat, he suddenly drew his long dagger, dropped on one knee, and made a thrust which would have proved fatal to a less vigilant adversary. But Colonna had anticipated the possibility of this base attempt from one so destitute of all chivalrous feeling, and his quick eye observed and met the movement. Stepping lightly back, he whirled his keen edged blade with a force which cut deep into Barozzo's wrist. The dagger dropped from his palsied grasp.

and, at the same instant, his sword flew above his head. Colonna, having disarmed his treacherous enemy while still kneeling, disdained to follow up his advantage, and coolly said to him, "That trick was worthy of you, governor! but your murderous game is nearly up. Resume your sword, and clutch the guard more firmly, or in three passes more you will be food for vultures!"

Barozzo, who had started from the ground, and now stood foaming at the mouth like a chafed panther, said nothing in reply, but seized his sword, and rushed upon his generous adversary with desperate but unavailing ferocity. I could now perceive that Colonna pressed him more hotly than before, and that his point no longer sought the corslet, but the throat of Barozzo, where indeed alone he was mortally vulnerable, and where, ere long, the death stroke reached him. A few passes had been exchanged without a hit, when suddenly Barozzo's sword again flew from his grasp, and long before it reached the ground, Colonna's point was buried in his throat. The thrust was mortal. The steel had severed the duct of life; the hot blood bubbled out in streams; and the huge Barozzo staggered, reeled, and fell upon his back. A bloody froth now gathered round his lips, which worked with agony and rage; the life-blood ebbed apace, and soon the trunk and limbs of the colossal chieftain were stiffened in death. But even in death the dominant passions of his soul were strongly written in his livid features. His glazed and sunken eyes still glared with fiend-like and collected malice on his conqueror, and

every lineament was inwrought with reckless and insatiable ferocity.

Colonna gazed awhile in solemn and impressive silence upon the foe he had destroyed. His broad forehead darkened with deep thought, and his eyes saddened with painful recollections of the beloved parent whose untimely death he had so well avenged. Soon, however, his noble features brightened with a fervent look of mingled filial piety and exultation. He wiped his reeking blade upon the remnants of Barozzo's mantle, and we retraced our steps. Colonna ascended a sheep path, and crossed the mountain to regain his boat, while I returned by a circuitous road to the villa, leaving the governor of Candia and his retinue to the vultures of the Apennine, which, with unerring ken, had seen or scented the dead Greeks, and were already sailing in wide eddies, high above the scene of blood.

Here my friend, who had with difficulty pursued his way through the mouldy pages of the decayed manuscript, was compelled to make a final pause. The long action of time and damp had nearly obliterated the remainder of the narrative, and glimpses only of romantic perils by sea and land were occasionally discernible. We were obliged to suspend all farther gratification of our curiosity until our return to Venice, where we hoped by a chemical process to succeed in restoring to a more legible tint the pale characters of this interesting manuscript.

We recognize the initials of Mr. Schoolcraft attached to the following quaint and striking lines, and hold ourselves indebted to the correspondent who has placed them at the service of the Gazette.
—*Albany Evening Gazette.*

ON THE CONDITION OF THE "EAGWEHOEWE"
(ONGWE HONWE,) IN 1845.

The lordly Iroquois is tending sheep;
Gone are the plumes that deck'd his brow—
For his bold rein, no more his wife shall weep—
He holds the plough.

The bow and quiver which his fathers made;
The gun, that fill'd the warrior's deadliest vow;
The mace, the spear, the axe, the ambuscade—
Where are they now?

Mute are the hills that woke his dreadful yell—
Scared nations listen with affright no more;
He walks a farmer over field and dell
Once red with gore.

Frontlet and wampum, baldric, brand and knife,
Skill of the megalonyx, snake, and fox,
All now are gone!—transformed to peaceful life,
He drives the ox.

Algon, and Cherokee, and Illinese,
No more beneath his stalwart bow shall writhe;
Peace spreads her reign wide o'er his inland seas—
He swings the scythe.

Grain now, not men, employ his manly powers;
To learn the white man's arts, and skill to rule;
For this, his sons and daughters spend their
hours—

They go to school.

Glory and fame, that erewhile fired his soul,
And nerved for war his ever-vengeful arm,
Where are your charms his bosom to control!—
He tills a farm.

His war-scarr'd visage paints no more deform—
His garments, made of beaver, deer, and rat,
Are now exchanged for woollen doublets warm—
He wears a hat.

His very pipe, surcharged with sacred weed,
Once smoked in spirits dreamy, dread, and sore,
Is laid aside,—to think, to plan, to read—
He keeps a store.

This is the law of progress—kindlier arts
Have shaped his native energies of mind;
And back he comes—from wandering woods, and
darts
Back to mankind.

His drum and rattles both are thrown away—
His native altars stand without a blaze,—
Truth, robed in gospel light, hath found her way—
And hark! he prays!

October, 1845.

H. R. S.

From the Critic.

A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

Journal of a Voyage round the World. By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A., F.R.S. London, 1845. Demy 8vo. John Murray.

THE author of this very entertaining and instructive book, accompanied, in the capacity of *naturalist*, the expedition which, in her majesty's ship *Beagle*, sailed round the world in 1832 and following years. The duty entrusted to Captain Fitzroy—the commander of the ship, and his officers, was to complete the survey of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego, to lay down correctly the shores of Chili, Peru, and certain islands in the Pacific, and to carry a chain of chronometrical measurements round the world. This undertaking, so important to the interests of physical science, had been commenced in 1826, under Captain King, and was completed by this expedition in so satisfactory a manner as to leave little more to be desired.

It adds not a little to the lustre which invests our country, that she stands foremost among existing nations in the prosecution of maritime discovery and the investigation of the physical phenomena which appertain broadly to the globe.

The achievements of this nature made a few centuries ago by the Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch, and later still by the French, stand honorable examples in their history, which their present spirit no longer emulates—or at best but feebly. Next to the British, it is to the Americans and Russians that science is most indebted for discoveries in this way. Their expeditions have been conducted with energy, curiosity, and ability, and judiciously supported with a liberal hand; the result of which has been a considerable, and therefore invaluable, addition to our knowledge of geography, natural history, and the physical laws—magnetic, tidal, and other, which, affecting navigation, control to a greater or less extent the interchange of commodities, of arts and refinement, between the multitudinous inhabitants of the globe. On the utility of such national undertakings, as it must be obvious to the dullest intellect, it were needless to enlarge.

The discoveries made by the officers of the *Beagle* in the sciences they undertook to watch, have appeared in separate publications; those made by Mr. Darwin, with his notes and remarks, have been edited by British naturalists severally most conversant with the departments intrusted to their care, and, thanks to the munificence of the lords of the treasury, who gave a thousand pounds towards the expenses, laid before the public in several volumes. From these, and his journal, Mr. Darwin has compiled this agreeable book, condensing, and adding occasionally to parts, so as to fit the work for the popular taste; but referring naturalists, for full details, to the large publications which comprise the results of the expedition.

To follow the author throughout his course is impracticable here; we must therefore content ourselves with stating that this volume (there are others to follow) comprises the narrative of his voyage along the shores and his excursions into the interior of South America. His narrative is lively and graphic, his observations acute and marked with judgment, and his style unaffected and easy. We proceed to give a few extracts, which, by their spirit and general character, will convey a fair notion of the work. There is the coloring of nature in our author's description of his first entrance upon

"The day has passed delightfully. Delight itself, however, is a weak term to express the feelings of a naturalist who, for the first time, has wandered by himself in a Brazilian forest. The elegance of the grasses, the novelty of the parasitical plants, the beauty of the flowers, the glossy green of the foliage, but above all the general luxuriance of the vegetation, filled me with admiration. A most paradoxical mixture of sound and silence pervades the shady parts of the wood. The noise from the insects is so loud, that it may be heard even in a vessel anchored several hundred yards from the shore; yet within the recesses of the forest a universal silence appears to reign. To a person fond of natural history, such a day as this brings with it a deeper pleasure than he can ever hope to experience again. After wandering about for some hours, I returned to the landing-place; but before reaching it I was overtaken by a tropical storm. I tried to find shelter under a tree, which was so thick that it would never have been penetrated by common English rain; but here, in a couple of minutes, a little torrent flowed down the trunk. It is to this violence of the rain that we must attribute the verdure at the bottom of the thickest woods: if the showers were like those of a colder clime, the greater part would be absorbed or evaporated before it reached the ground."

In an excursion from Rio Janeiro, Mr. Darwin passed a spot which had been the place of refuge of some runaway slaves, his account of which we extract:—

"Our party amounted to seven. The first stage was very interesting. The day was powerfully hot, and as we passed through the woods, everything was motionless, excepting the large and brilliant butterflies, which lazily fluttered about. The view seen when crossing the hills behind Praia Grande was most beautiful; the colors were intense, and the prevailing tint a dark blue; the sky and the calm waters of the bay vied with each other in splendor. After passing through some cultivated country, we entered a forest, which in the grandeur of all its parts could not be exceeded. We arrived by midday at Ithacaia; this small village is situated on a plain, and round the central house are the huts of the negroes. These, from their regular form and position, reminded me of the drawings of the Hottentot habitations in Southern Africa. As the moon rose early, we determined to start the same evening for our sleeping-place at the Lagoa Marica. As it was growing dark we passed under one of the massive, bare, and steep hills of granite which are so common in this country. This spot is notorious from having been, for a long time, the residence of some runaway slaves, who, by cultivating a little ground near the top, contrived to eke out a subsistence. At length they were discovered, and a party of soldiers being sent, the whole were seized with the exception of one old woman, who, sooner than again be led into slavery, dashed herself to pieces from the summit of the mountain. In a Roman matron this would have been called the noble love of freedom: in a poor negress it is mere brutal obstinacy. We continued riding for some hours. For the few last miles the road was intricate, and it passed through a desert waste of marshes and lagoons. The scene by the dimmed light of the moon was most desolate. A few fire-flies flitted by us; and

the solitary snipe, as it rose, uttered its plaintive cry. The distant and sullen roar of the sea scarcely broke the stillness of the night."

Contrasted against the comfort, civility, and convenience enjoyed at an English hotel, a curious description is the following of the accommodation at

A BRAZILIAN INN.

"As the *vênda* here was a very good one, and I have the pleasant, but rare remembrance, of an excellent dinner, I will be grateful and presently describe it, as the type of its class. These houses are often large, and are built of thick upright posts, with boughs interwoven, and afterwards plastered. They seldom have floors, and never glazed windows; but are generally pretty well roofed. Universally the front part is open, forming a kind of verandah, in which tables and benches are placed. The bed-rooms join on each side, and here the passenger may sleep as comfortably as he can, on a wooden platform, covered by a thin straw mat. The *vênda* stands in a court yard, where the horses are fed. On first arriving, it was our custom to unsaddle the horses and give them their Indian corn; then, with a low bow, to ask the *senhôr* to do us the favor to give us something to eat. 'Anything you choose, sir,' was his usual answer. For the few first times, vainly I thanked Providence for having guided us to so good a man. The conversation proceeding, the case universally became deplorable. 'Any fish, can you do us the favor of giving?' 'Oh! no, sir.' 'Any soup?' 'No, sir.' 'Any bread?' 'Oh! no, sir.' 'Any dried meat?' 'Oh! no, sir.' If we were lucky, by waiting a couple of hours, we obtained fowls, rice, and *farrinha*. It not unfrequently happened that we were obliged to kill, with stones, the poultry for our own supper. When, thoroughly exhausted by fatigue and hunger, we timorously hinted that we should be glad of our meal, the pompous, and (though true) most unsatisfactory answer was, 'It will be ready when it is ready.' If we had dared to remonstrate any further, we should have been told to proceed on our journey, as being too impertinent. The hosts are most ungracious and disagreeable in their manners; their houses and their persons are often filthy dirty; the want of the accommodation of forks, knives, and spoons is common; and I am sure no cottage or hovel in England could be found in a state so utterly destitute of every comfort. In *Campos Novos*, however, we fared sumptuously; having rice and fowls, biscuit, wine, and spirits, for dinner; coffee in the evening, and fish with coffee for breakfast. All this, with good food for the horses, only cost 2s. 6d. per head. Yet the host of this *vênda*, being asked if he knew anything of a whip which one of the party had lost, gruffly answered, 'How should I know? why did you not take care of it!—I suppose the dogs have eaten it.'"

On his way to Buenos Ayres, our author stopped at the *Sauce Posta*, where he witnessed

A TRIAL OF SKILL WITH THE BOLAS.

"I staid at this *posta* two days, waiting for a troop of soldiers, which General Rosas had the kindness to send to inform me would shortly travel to Buenos Ayres; and he advised me to take the opportunity of the escort. In the morning we rode to some neighboring hills to view the country, and to examine the geology. After dinner the soldiers divided themselves into two parties for a trial of skill with the *bolas*. Two spears were stuck in

the ground thirty-five yards apart, but they were struck and entangled only once in four or five times. The balls can be thrown fifty or sixty yards, but with little certainty. This, however, does not apply to a man on horseback: for when the speed of the horse is added to the force of the arm, it is said, that they can be whirled with effect to the distance of eighty yards. As a proof of their force, I may mention, that at the Falkland Islands, when the Spaniards murdered some of their own countrymen, and all the Englishmen, a young friendly Spaniard was running away, when a great tall man, by name Luciano, came at full gallop after him, shouting to him to stop, and saying that he only wanted to speak to him. Just as the Spaniard was on the point of reaching the boat, Luciano threw the balls: they struck him on the legs with such a jerk, as to throw him down and render him for some time insensible. The man, after Luciano had had his talk, was allowed to escape. He told us that his legs were marked by great weals, where the thong had wound round, as if he had been flogged with a whip. In the middle of the day two men arrived, who brought a parcel from the next *posta* to be forwarded to the general: so that besides these two, our party consisted this evening of my guide and self, the lieutenant, and his four soldiers. The latter were strange beings: the first a fine young negro; the second half Indian and negro; and the two others nondescripts, namely, an old Chilian miner, the color of mahogany, and another partly a mulatto; but two such mongrels, with such detestable expressions, I never saw before. At night, when they were sitting round the fire, and playing at cards, I retired to view such a *Salvator Rosa* scene. They were seated under a low cliff, so that I could look down upon them; around the party were lying dogs, arms, and remnants of deer and ostriches; and their long spears were stuck in the turf. Further, in the dark background, their horses were tied up, ready for any sudden danger. If the stillness of the desolate plain was broken by one of the dogs barking, a soldier leaving the fire would place his head close to the ground, and thus slowly scan the horizon. Even if the noisy *teru-teru* uttered its scream, there would be a pause in the conversation, and every head, for the moment, a little inclined.

"What a life of misery these men appear to us to lead! They were at least ten leagues from the *Sauce posta*, and since the murder committed by the Indians, twenty from another. The Indians are supposed to have made their attack in the middle of the night, for very early in the morning after the murder, they were luckily seen approaching this *posta*. The whole party here, however, escaped, together with the troop of horses; each one taking a line for himself, and driving with him as many animals as he was able to manage."

BUENOS AYRES.

"The city of Buenos Ayres is large;* and I should think one of the most regular in the world. Every street is at right angles to the one it crosses, and the parallel ones being equidistant, the houses are collected into solid squares of equal dimensions, which are called *quadras*. On the other hand, the houses themselves are hollow squares; all the rooms opening into a neat little court-yard.

* It is said to contain 60,000 inhabitants. Monte Video, the second town of importance on the banks of the Plata, has 15,000.

They are generally only one story high, with flat roofs, which are fitted with seats, and are much frequented by the inhabitants in summer. In the centre of the town is the Plaza, where the public offices, fortress, cathedral, &c., stand. Here also, the old viceroys, before the revolution, had their palaces. The general assemblage of buildings possesses considerable architectural beauty, although none individually can boast of any.

"The great *corral*, where the animals are kept for slaughter to supply food to this beef-eating population, is one of the spectacles best worth seeing. The strength of the horse as compared to that of the bullock is quite astonishing: a man on horseback having thrown his lazo round the horns of a beast, can drag it anywhere he chooses. The animal ploughing up the ground with outstretched legs, in vain efforts to resist the force, generally dashes at full speed to one side; but the horse immediately turning to receive the shock, stands so firmly that the bullock is almost thrown down, and it is surprising that their necks are not broken. The struggle is not, however, one of fair strength; the horse's girth being matched against the bullock's extended neck. In a similar manner a man can hold the wildest horse, if caught with the lazo just behind the ears. When the bullock has been dragged to the spot where it is to be slaughtered, the *matador* with great caution cuts the hamstrings. Then is given the death bellow; a noise more expressive of fierce agony than any I know: I have often distinguished it from a long distance, and have always known that the struggle was then drawing to a close. The whole sight is horrible and revolting: the ground is almost made of bones; and the horses and riders are drenched with gore."

With this we must conclude our notice of one of the most agreeable and instructive books of travels that have lately been published.

The second part of this instructive and entertaining book has just been published; and surpasses the first in the interest it contains for the reader. It carries forward the narrative of the movements of the expedition from its entrance on Patagonia, thence to the Falkland Islands, Tierra del Fuego, and Chile, embracing excursions to the foot of the Andes, and across the Cordilleras to Valparaiso.

It may well be supposed that these countries would yield a rich harvest to an observer so close and painstaking as Mr. Darwin, and so they have. As if to favor his purpose of investigation, there occurred, whilst he was in Valdivia, one of the most terrible earthquakes that had been known in South America (which is so greatly plagued with them) for many years. He has thus described the effects of this severe visitation.

"While the ship was beating up to the anchorage, I landed on the island of Quiriquina. The mayor-domo of the estate quickly rode down to tell me the terrible news of the great earthquake of the 20th:—'That not a house in Concepcion or Talcahuano (the port) was standing: that seventy villages were destroyed; and that a great wave had almost washed away the ruins of Talcahuano.' Of this latter statement I soon saw abundant proofs—the whole coast being strewn over with timber and furniture as if a thousand ships had been wrecked. Besides chairs, tables, book-shelves, &c., in great numbers, there were several roofs

of cottages, which had been transported almost whole. The storehouses at Talcahuano had been burst open, and great bags of cotton, yerba, and other valuable merchandise were scattered on the shore. During my walk round the island, I observed that numerous fragments of rock, which, from the marine productions adhering to them, must recently have been lying in deep water, had been cast up on the high beach; one of these was six feet long, three broad, and two thick.

"The island itself as plainly showed the overwhelming power of the earthquake, as the beach did that of the consequent great wave. The ground in many parts was fissured in north and south lines, perhaps caused by the yielding of the parallel and steep sides of this narrow island. Some of the fissures near the cliffs were a yard wide. Many enormous masses had already fallen on the beach; and the inhabitants thought that when the rains commenced far greater slips would happen. The effect of the vibration on the hard primary slate, which composes the foundation of the island, was still more curious; the superficial parts of some narrow ridges were as completely shivered as if they had been blasted by gunpowder. This effect, which was rendered conspicuous by the fresh fractures and displaced soil, must be confined to near the surface, for otherwise there would not exist a block of solid rock throughout Chile; nor is this improbable, as it is known that the surface of a vibrating body is affected differently from the central part. It is, perhaps, owing to this same reason, that earthquakes do not cause quite such terrific havoc within deep mines as would be expected. I believe this convulsion has been more effectual in lessening the size of the island of Quiriquina, than the ordinary wear-and-tear of the sea and weather during the course of a whole century.

"The next day I landed at Talcahuano, and afterwards rode to Concepcion. Both towns presented the most awful yet interesting spectacle I ever beheld. To a person who had formerly known them, it possibly might have still been more impressive; for the ruins were so mingled together, and the whole scene possessed so little the air of a habitable place, that it was scarcely possible to imagine its former condition. The earthquake commenced at half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon. If it had happened in the middle of the night, the greater number of the inhabitants (which in this one province amount to many thousands) must have perished, instead of less than a hundred; as it was, the invariable practice of running out of doors at the first trembling of the ground, alone saved them. In Concepcion, each house, or row of houses, stood by itself, a heap or line of ruins; but in Talcahuano, owing to the great wave, little more than one layer of bricks, tiles, and timber, with here and there part of a wall, left standing, could be distinguished. From this circumstance, Concepcion, although not so completely desolated, was a more terrible, and, if I may so call it, picturesque sight. The first shock was very sudden. The mayor-domo at Quiriquina told me, that the first notice he received of it, was finding both the horse he rode and himself rolling together on the ground. Rising up, he was again thrown down. He also told me that some cows which were standing on the steep side of the island were rolled into the sea. The great wave caused the destruction of many cattle; on one low island, near the head of

the bay, seventy animals were washed off and drowned. It is generally thought that this has been the worst earthquake ever recorded in Chile; but as the very severe ones occur only after long intervals, this cannot easily be known; nor indeed would a much worse shock have made any great difference, for the ruin was now complete. Innumerable small tremblings followed the great earthquake, and within the first twelve days no less than three hundred were counted.

"The most remarkable effect of this great earthquake was the permanent upraising of the land no less than three feet. The island of Juan Fernandez—memorable as the solitary residence for years of Alexander Selkirk, a shipwrecked sailor—was so violently affected, though distant from Concepcion 360 miles to the north-east, that the trees smote against each other, and there burst forth a volcano under water close to the shore. In the Cordilleras, also, two volcanoes opened at the same moment into violent action, which probably relieved the earth of the upheaving forces that disturbed her. According to our author, the space from beneath which volcanic matter was erupted is in one line 720 miles, and in another, at right angles to the first, 400 miles in extent; from this, Mr. Darwin infers that there is here stretched out a subterranean lake of lava of nearly double the area of the Black Sea.

The author's picture of that inhospitable and imperfectly known region, Tierra del Fuego, its products and wild inhabitants, is interesting in a high degree. It is a mountainous land, partly submerged in the sea, so that deep inlets and bays occupy the place where valleys should exist. Trees reach up the mountain-sides, to an elevation of 1,200 feet, and the line of perpetual snow descends as low as 3,000 feet. There is no level ground, and the surface is everywhere covered with a thick bed of swampy peat.

"There is (says the author) a degree of mysterious grandeur in mountain behind mountain, with the deep intervening valleys, all covered by one thick, dusky mass of forest. The atmosphere, likewise, in this climate, where gale succeeds gale, with rain, hail and sleet, seems blacker than anywhere else. In the Strait of Magellan, looking due southward from Port Famine, the distant channells between the mountains appeared from their gloominess to lead beyond the confines of this world.

The Fuegians, according to our author, are very little superior in the scale of intelligence to the higher class of brutes. Inhabiting an inclement climate, their ingenuity, unlike that of the stunted natives of the arctic circle, does not even extend to the simple arts of preserving warmth, by sheltering themselves effectually from the weather. They are cannibals, appear to have no idea of a future life, though they show traces of superstition in a dread of superior invisible powers, each tribe having a conjuring doctor, though his duties, Mr. Darwin could never clearly ascertain. The remarks, however, which he made on these barbarians will come with greater authority from his own pen, therefore we extract the subjoined description of

THE FUEGIANS.

"While going one day on shore near Wollaston Island, we pulled alongside a canoe with six Fuegians. These were the most abject and mis-

erable creatures I anywhere beheld. On the east coast, the natives, as we have seen, have guanaco cloaks, and on the west they possess seal-skins. Amongst these central tribes the men generally have an otter-skin, or some small scrap about as large as a pocket-handkerchief, which is barely sufficient to cover their backs as low down as their loins. It is laced across the breast by strings, and according as the wind blows, it is shifted from side to side. But these Fuegians in the canoe were quite naked, and even one full grown woman was absolutely so. It was raining heavily, and the fresh water, together with the spray, trickled down her body. In another harbor not far distant, a woman, who was suckling a recently-born child, came one day alongside the vessel, and remained there out of mere curiosity, whilst the sleet fell and thawed on her naked bosom, and on the skin of her naked baby! These poor wretches were stunted in their growth, their hideous faces bedaubed with white paint, their skins filthy and greasy, their hair entangled, their voices discordant, and their gestures violent. Viewing such men, one can hardly make oneself believe that they are fellow-creatures, and inhabitants of the same world. It is a common subject of conjecture what pleasure in life some of the lower animals can enjoy; how much more reasonably the same question may be asked with respect to these barbarians! At night, five or six human beings, naked, and scarcely protected from the wind and rain of this tempestuous climate, sleep on the wet ground coiled up like animals. Whenever it is low water, winter or summer, night or day, they must rise to pick shell-fish from the rocks; and the women either dive to collect sea-eggs, or sit patiently in their canoes, and with a baited hair-line, without any hook, jerk out little fish. If a seal is killed, or the floating carcass of a putrid whale discovered, it is a feast; and such miserable food is assisted by a few tasteless berries and fungi.

"They often suffer from famine; I heard Mr. Low, a sealing-master, intimately acquainted with the natives of this country, give a curious account of the state of a party of one hundred and fifty natives on the west coast, who were very thin and in great distress. A succession of gales prevented the women from getting shell-fish on the rocks, and they could not go out in their canoes to catch seal. A small party of these men one morning set out, and the other Indians explained to him, that they were going a four days' journey for food: on their return, Low went to meet them, and he found them excessively tired, each man carrying a great square piece of putrid whale's-blubber with a hole in the middle, through which they put their heads, as the Gauchos do through their ponchos or cloaks. As soon as the blubber was brought into a wigwam, an old man cut off thin slices, and muttering over them, broiled them for a minute, and distributed them to the famished party, who during this time preserved a profound silence. Mr. Low believes that whenever a whale is cast on shore, the natives bury large pieces of it in the sand as a resource in time of famine; and a native boy, whom he had on board, once found a stock thus buried. The different tribes when at war are cannibals. From the concurrent, but quite independent evidence of the boy taken by Mr. Low, and of Jimmy Button, it is certainly true that when pressed in winter by hunger, they kill and devour their old women before they kill

their dogs: the boy, being asked by Mr. Low why they did this, answered, 'Doggies catch otters, old women no.' This boy described the manner in which they were killed by being held over smoke and thus choked; he imitated their screams as a joke, and described the parts of their bodies which are considered best to eat. Horrid as such a death by the hands of their friends and relatives must be, the fears of the old women, when hunger begins to press, are more painful to think of; we are told that they often run away into the mountains, but that they are pursued by the men and brought back to the slaughter-house at their own fire-sides.

"The different tribes have no government or chief; yet each is surrounded by other hostile tribes, speaking different dialects, and separated from each other only by a deserted border or neutral territory; the cause of their warfare appears to be the means of subsistence. Their country is a broken mass of wild rocks, lofty hills, and useless forests; and these are viewed through mists and endless storms. The habitable land is reduced to the stones on the beach. In search of food they are compelled unceasingly to wander from spot to spot, and so steep is the coast, that they can only move about in their wretched canoes. They cannot know the feeling of having a home, and still less that of domestic affection; for the husband is to the wife a brutal master to a laborious slave. Was a more horrid deed ever perpetrated than that witnessed on the west coast by Byron, who saw a wretched mother pick up her bleeding, dying infant-boy, whom her husband had mercilessly dashed on the stones for dropping a basket of sea-eggs. How little can the higher powers of the mind be brought into play; what is there for imagination to picture, for reason to compare, for judgment to decide upon? to knock a limpet from the rock does not require even cunning, that lowest power of the mind. Their skill in some respects may be compared to the instinct of animals; for it is not improved by experience; the canoe, their most ingenious work, poor as it is, has remained the same, as we know from Drake, for the last two hundred and fifty years."

Notwithstanding the low estimate Mr. Darwin formed of these savages, and which the foregoing account of them, by showing the stunted, abject condition both of their bodies and minds, fully justifies, he is inclined to place them in the scale of intelligence above the Australians. Taking his description of the Fuegians as it stands, we see sufficient reason for dissent from his opinion. The Australians, when discovered, it should be remembered, had a number of domestic implements, built comfortable huts, though inhabiting a superior climate to that of the Fuegians; had their weapons of offence and defence, their spears, their clubs, their throwing-sticks, and one at least quite new and peculiar to themselves, the boomerang; and, lastly, they had a kind of rude government, and some curious ceremonies at the period of manhood and on the occasions of marriage and sepulture. Nor can we agree with him in opinion that if the Australian be superior to the Fuegian in acquirements, it does not follow that he is his superior in mental capacity; for surely the one implies the other as clearly as the greater contains the less. In proportion as the powers of the mind are cultivated and extended must the arts of civilized life progress; therefore, if the acquirements of the

Australian be superior to those of the Fuegian, his mental capacity must be superior also.

Quitting, not unwillingly, the shores of Tierra del Fuego, the *Beagle* reached Valparaiso late at night on the 13th July. We extract Mr. Darwin's description of the chief sea-port of Chile:—

VALPARAISO.

"When morning came, everything appeared delightful. After Tierra del Fuego, the climate felt quite delicious—the atmosphere so dry, and the heavens so clear and blue, with the sun shining brightly, that all nature seemed sparkling with life. The view from the anchorage is very pretty. The town is built at the very foot of a range of hills about 1,600 feet high, and rather steep. From its position, it consists of one long, straggling street, which runs parallel to the beach, and wherever a ravine comes down, the houses are piled up on each side of it. The rounded hills being only partially protected by a very scanty vegetation, are worn into numberless little gullies, which expose a singularly bright red soil. From this cause, and from the low whitewashed houses with tile roofs, the view reminded me of St. Cruz in Teneriffe. In a northeasterly direction there are some fine glimpses of the Andes; but these mountains appear much grander when viewed from the neighboring hills: the great distance at which they are situated can then more readily be perceived. The volcano of Aconcagua is particularly magnificent. This huge and irregularly conical mass has an elevation greater than that of Chimborazo; for, from measurements made by the officers in the *Beagle*, its height is no less than 23,000 feet. The Cordilleras, however, viewed from this point, owe a great part of their beauty to the atmosphere through which they are seen. When the sun was setting in the Pacific, it was admirable to watch how clearly their rugged outlines could be distinguished, yet how varied and how delicate were the shades of their color.

"The immediate neighborhood of Valparaiso is not very productive to the naturalist. During the long summer the wind blows steadily from the southward, and a little off shore, so that rain never falls; during the three winter months, however, it is sufficiently abundant. The vegetation in consequence is very scanty; except in some deep valleys, there are no trees, and only a little grass and a few low bushes are scattered over the less steep part of the hills. When we reflect, that at the distance of 350 miles to the south, this side of the Andes is completely hidden by one impenetrable forest, the contrast is very remarkable. I took several long walks while collecting objects of natural history. The country is pleasant for exercise. There are many very beautiful flowers, and, as in most other dry climates, the plants and shrubs possess strong and peculiar odors—even one's clothes by brushing through them became scented. I did not cease from wonder at finding each succeeding day as fine as the foregoing. What a difference does climate make in the enjoyment of life! How opposite are the sensations when viewing black mountains half-enveloped in clouds, and seeing another range through the light blue haze of a fine day! The one for a time may be very sublime; the other is all gaiety and happy life."

There is the coloring of nature in the following picturesque description of a troop of mules, and the prospect from the ridge of Peuquenes, one of the Cordilleras:—

"When about halfway up we met a large party with seventy loaded mules. It was interesting to hear the wild cries of the muleteers, and to watch the long descending string of the animals; they appeared so diminutive, there being nothing but the bleak mountains with which they could be compared. When near the summit, the wind, as generally happens, was impetuous and extremely cold. On each side of the ridge we had to pass over broad bands of perpetual snow, which were now soon to be covered by a fresh layer. When we reached the crest and looked backwards, a glorious view was presented. The atmosphere resplendently clear; the sky an intense blue; the profound valleys; the wild broken forms; the heap of ruins, piled up during the lapse of ages; the bright-colored rocks, contrasted with the quiet mountains of snow; all these together produced a scene no one could have imagined. Neither plant nor bird, excepting a few condors wheeling around the higher pinnacles, distracted my attention from the inanimate mass. I felt glad that I was alone: it was like watching a thunderstorm, or hearing in full orchestra a chorus of the Messiah."

At the island of Lemuy the ship's crew found the natives hospitable, and willing to sell provisions at prices that will amuse Europeans.

"The people here live chiefly on shell-fish and potatoes. At certain seasons they catch also, in 'corrales,' or hedges under water, many fish which are left on the mud-banks as the tide falls. They occasionally possess fowls, sheep, goats, pigs, horses and cattle, the order in which they are here mentioned, expressing their respective numbers. I never saw anything more obliging and humble than the manners of these people. They generally began with stating, that they were poor natives of the place, and not Spaniards, and that they were in sad want of tobacco and other comforts. At Ceylon, the most southern island, the sailors bought, with a stick of tobacco, of the value of three half-pence, two fowls, one of which, the Indian stated, had skin between its toes, and turned out to be a fine duck; and with some cotton handkerchiefs, worth three shillings, three sheep and a large bunch of onions were procured. The yawl at this place was anchored some way from the shore, and we had fears for her safety from robbers during the night. Our pilot, Mr. Douglas, accordingly told the constable of the district that we always placed sentinels with loaded arms, and, not understanding Spanish, if we saw any person in the dark, we should assuredly shoot him. The constable, with much humility, agreed to the perfect propriety of this arrangement, and promised us that no one should stir out of his house during that night."

A curious sight to an European must have been one which Mr. Darwin witnessed in the Pamoass in the shape of

A FLIGHT OF LOCUSTS.

"After our two days' tedious journey, it was refreshing to see in the distance the rows of poplar and willows growing round the village and river of Luxan. Shortly before we arrived at this place, we observed to the south a ragged cloud of a dark reddish-brown color. At first we thought it was smoke from some great fire on the plains; but we soon found that it was a swarm of locusts. They were flying northward; and with the aid of a light breeze, they overtook us at the rate of ten or fifteen

miles an hour. The main body filled the air from a height of twenty feet, to that, as it appeared, of two or three thousand above the ground; "and the sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle;" or rather, I should say, like a strong breeze passing through the rigging of a ship. The sky, seen through the advanced guard, appeared like a mezzotinto engraving, but the main body was impervious to sight; they were not, however, so thick together but that they could escape a stick waved backwards and forwards. When they alighted, they were more numerous than the leaves in the field, and the surface became reddish instead of being green: the swarm having once alighted, the individuals flew from side to side in all directions. Locusts are not an uncommon pest in this country: already during this season, several smaller swarms had come up from the south, where, as apparently in all other parts of the world, they are bred in the deserts. The poor cottagers in vain attempted by lighting fires, by shouts, and by waving branches, to avert the attack. This species of locust closely resembles, and perhaps is identical with the famous *gryllus migratorius* of the East."

We have already transgressed the limits we can conveniently spare to this book; its interesting nature, and the information with which every page is rife, have led us on despite ourselves. We conclude by recommending Mr. Darwin's journal to the perusal of all the readers of *The Critic*.

PRAYER OF A DESPONDING HEART.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

LORD, grant me stronger faith! My soul is turning
With weary pinion from the world away,
And in its depths there broods a deathless yearning
For clearer glimpses of the Land of Day!
'Tis dark around! Faith's starry beacons flee me,
Or, veil'd in storms, no longer guidance give—
'Tis dark within!—O, God, I cannot see Thee
Show me Thy face once more that I may live

Give me more light! 'tis fearful thus to wander
Amid the graves of lost and buried hopes;
Fearful thus lone and in the dark to ponder
Where all-dismayed my spirit blindly gropes.
O, for that ray, so steady and unclouded,
Which on my childhood's clearer vision smiled!
Where is it now! In darkness I am shrouded—
O, Father, pity me, Thine erring child!

Have pity, Father! lest the ray of reason
Which Thou hast kindled in my bosom fail,
And my unconscious lips should murmur treason,
Or boldly dare Thy judgments to assail!
Have pity! aid me! See me lowly kneeling,
And hear the pleadings of my stricken heart;
Through all its chambers pour Thy precious
healing—
Give me but light, and let the gloom depart!

Thou hearest, Father! Lo! like doves descending,
Peace softly enters in my bleeding breast;
Faith by my side, above her anchor bending,
Smiles on my soul and sweetly murmurs "Rest!"
Darkness my spirit is no longer shrouding;
Once more the radiance of Thy face I see!
O for a tongue to breathe the rapture crowding,
The thanks uprising, Father, now to Thee!

Rose of Sharon.

From the National Intelligencer.

MR. WALSH'S LETTER.

PARIS, October 15, 1845.

THE revolutionary enterprise in the Papal states has been entirely frustrated and exploded. We have intelligence from Florence, dated 9th instant, of the capture of half the insurgents and the dispersion of the rest in the Apennines, whence they were hunted by the peasantry as well as the soldiers into Tuscany. The grand duke, instead of delivering the fugitives to the holy see, directed that they should all be embarked at Leghorn for Marseilles—a measure which gratified the people of Florence. Austria had despatched twelve hundred foot and three hundred horse to Ferrara; the three Austrian vessels of war which were sent to the coast of Romagna had returned to Venice. We have in the Paris journals a long manifesto of the patriots, clandestinely circulated in the Roman legations, in which a series of political oppressions, deceptions, and ancient griefs is skilfully exhibited, and a circumstantial demand of radical reform made on the Papal government. Some of the changes prescribed would virtually destroy the temporal power of the clergy. Intelligent travelers recently from Italy assure me that there is no general popular disaffection in any division of the peninsula; partial revolts must fail, because they rally on the spot a few residents merely, and are regarded with utter distrust or aversion at a small distance. The peasantry are always seen to be more active and eager than even the troops and police agents in the pursuit and capture of the adventurers, who invoke their aid for the vindication of rights and redress of wrongs which they cannot comprehend.

Naples has been characteristically agog with the Congress of nearly *two thousand* savans, most of them "known by creditable labors." For fifteen days there was a constant succession of inaugurations, balls, masses, processions, conversations, sittings, readings, speeches, and archaeological excursions. The royal family, the ministers of state, the other dignitaries, the distinguished strangers not of the congress, everybody, down to the lazzarone, engaged in "the business, bustle, enthusiasm, throng, and glory" of the affair, to which the heavens and the temperature proved most auspicious. The club of nobles entertained magnificently three thousand illustrious guests; new excavations were undertaken for the Congress at Pompeia, and so forth.

At the grand review here last week, of several regiments in the Place Carousel, the septuaginary king was mounted on a beautiful barb from his favorite stable near St. Cloud. On the 6th instant, the anniversary of his birth, he beheld about him his queen, four sons, four daughters-in-law, three sons-in-law, his sister, and nine grand-children. His green old age; such a family; his strong and indefatigable mind and spirit; his consideration abroad and sway at home; his perfect self-possession and address at all junctures and under any circumstances; the difficulties and dangers through which he has worked, and the beneficial policy which he has accomplished since his accession, individuate and consecrate him for remote history, not less than for contemporary record in the list of fortunate and capable monarchs.

The discussion in the British prints on the question, *Shall Cromwell have a statue?* has particularly fixed my attention. It exemplifies the strong in-

fluences of tradition and creed, religious and political; it has extorted just confessions touching the line of British sovereigns and the effects of royalty; and it has revived much salutary opinion and fact that seemed to be suppressed or forgotten by common consent. We might dispense for a time with such themes as the French revolution, Napoleon, Russia, if we could exhume others in the mode and temper remarkable in the Cromwell case.

The legitimist organs signify that the Duke of Bordeaux entertained the wish and design to join in the campaigns in Algeria against the Arabs. It is perhaps the most unlucky circumstance of his situation that he is condemned to a merely private and personal life, while the sons of Louis Philippe are constantly before the nation as champions or representatives, gathering laurels and maturing capacity for public service, and welcomed abroad in every sense and with every honor by which France can be edified or dazzled and flattered. Louis Philippe has just transmitted the grand cordon of the legion of honor to Mehemet Ali, to the Bey of Tunis, and to General Coletti, prime minister of Greece. This is done in acknowledgment of the reception of the Duke of Montpensier in Egypt, at Tunis, and in Greece. Interesting narratives of the duke's peregrinations continue to be furnished in the *Journal des Debats*. Ibrahim Pacha is invited to occupy a royal palace in case he should be able to visit Paris.

A multitude of newspaper remonstrances and strictures has been provoked by a rescript of the Prefect of the Seine, issued at the instigation of the minister of public instruction, which forbids the principals of the female schools in Paris to receive adult *parlor-boarders*. The authorities aver that the custom or privilege had induced serious abuses of various kinds, and caused, in a number of instances, extreme scandal. This is unquestionably true; but the opposition contend that not a few of the *institutrices* would be at once ruined, as they had counted, and mainly depended, on the profits from those lodgers; and it is argued, besides, that, as the interdiction does not extend to the convents and other religious establishments in which pupils and mere boarders are associated, undue and injurious partiality is shown. The nuns—add the radical editors—may admit designing or immoral inmates, like the lay-principals; they interfere with the family concerns of those who place children under their charge; they even practise medicine, and *amulets* are among their specifics. Whatever may be thus imputed or imagined, in general, the religious possess a superiority in every respect, over the laic seminaries.

It is announced that M. de Castellon, Minister of Foreign Affairs and Representative of Nicaragua one of the States of Central America, has concluded an agreement, at Paris, with an Anglo-French-Belgian company, conceding to the company, on very advantageous terms, the exclusive right of making a canal to unite the Atlantic with the Pacific ocean by the Nicaragua lake. The canal is to be eighty *kilomètres* (twenty leagues) long, and to be facilitated not by the lake alone, but a very important navigable river, and not to cost more than fifty millions of francs. Three committees are already formed, who will soon meet at Brussels, in order to settle the commencement of operations. The French committee consists of Messrs. Garrella and Michel Chevalier, engineers, and Mr. de Romieu, Prefect of the

Department of the Upper Marne. Professor Chevalier has written much in the *Journal des Debats* in favor of the Nicaragua route.

Every day a prospectus of some new and splendid speculative project is thrown into my box, with a formal address. This morning came the Imperial Austrian State loan of thirty millions florins, which is to be repaid by one hundred and twenty thousand premium prizes, amounting in all to nearly seventy-five millions. Who could resist the "excellent chance!" Yesterday we had the four brilliant pages of the Company of the Mines of Spain, capital only five millions of francs. Six inexhaustible mines of metal are specified. The day before I received two lithographed sheets on the scheme of the *Diplomatic Gazette*, "the Journal of the Political and Financial interests of Europe." It is approved by the French minister of foreign affairs, and the ambassadors at this court, and cannot fail, says the prospectus, to be unrivalled in the authenticity and consequence of its information and sentiments, by reason of an arranged correspondence with cabinets, departments, and statesmen in each of the great capitals of Europe, and "indeed of the whole world." On the 19th instant is to appear *La Semaine*, the largest paper ever seen in France; and this likewise will be omniscient and imperishable.

Few books or plays come forth between July and November. Our theatres, however, are again in possession of their stars, and as much crowded as at any season. Rachel's *Virginia* attracted me last week to the *Théâtre Français*. The heroine has gained a little flesh in her provincial tour; there is more vigor in her tread and tones; on the whole, she has improved, which might have been supposed impossible, such was her unrivalled excellence. She appears to me superior to any actress who has figured since the reign of Mrs. Siddons.

The Italian opera opened at the beginning of the month with a peerless corps. This is the most elegant, comfortable, and delectable of all the public resorts of fashion, taste, amateurship, and high pretension. Moriani, an Italian tenor, with the highest reputation for all kinds of professional merit, has given at this opera, four nights in the same character, that of *Edgardo*, in *Lucia de Lammermoor*. He is above forty years of age, of rather heavy head and neck, and dull visage; and his voice has lost some of its finer original qualities; he charmed our world, however, by perfect execution; his method is unusually temperate, and that of a conscious, long, and thoroughly experienced master; and his accents and whole style are pathetic, penetrating, absorbing, in a degree which I do not remember to have felt with any other vocalist. He was on his way to Madrid, where the opera flourishes amidst insurrections, and where salaries are paid nearly equal to the largesses at St. Petersburg. Count Waleski relates, in his letters, that he was regaled in the Spanish capital with court festivities at noon, and delicious dramatic treats in the evening, and never was sure that he might not wake the next morning under Don Carlos or Espartero.

A visitor, likely to be well-informed, mentioned to me yesterday the creation of a company in Paris, with a capital of twelve millions of francs, for the purchase and settlement of lands in your West. From November last until June, one of my chief and most interesting avocations was the communication of American statistics and pros-

pects to French, Swiss, Germans, and Italians, men of small fixed incomes, or manufacturers, or artisans, who wished to emigrate to the United States. Enquiries begin again; and it is no slight satisfaction to determine persons whose characters, means, and callings render them desirable for our country. While you keep at peace within and without, you may look to an indefinite accession of useful population from most parts of Europe. There is, everywhere, among the small proprietors, mechanics, and agricultural laborers, a vague idea of the eligibility of the American Union for bettering their condition and founding prosperous families. In spite, too, of the declamations in journals and legislatures about the turbulence and capricious despotism of transatlantic democracy, the European rich rather believe in the stability and order in your system than in the safety, for any period, of their own institutions and public funds, or whatever outlays.

A functionary in the French Navy Department has published, from personal observation and the best sources of knowledge, a view of the financial situation of *Hayti*, which would seem as desperate as the political and social. M. de St. Remy gives a curious account of the fiscal expedients of the succession of colored rulers, for whom the constant dwindling of internal resources made all regular taxation hopeless. The annuity due from Hayti to France is unpaid for 1844, and nothing can be expected for this year.

Talleyrand's two testamentary letters to the Pope, professing Catholic faith and loyalty, cause the Catholic and Legitimist party to exult. The Archbishop of Paris proclaims them authentic. Talleyrand announces that he had long finished memoirs of his life, but had, by his will, desired that they should not be published till thirty years after his death. The *Ami de la Religion* follows this publication with these reflections:

"Numerous witnesses, of incontestable veracity, can depose that the Prince was in full possession of his reason and firmness of mind when he signed his retraction and his letter to the Holy Father. Disease, which had undermined his body, had not shaken his understanding. He, who was so soon about to render an account to God of a life, so troubled and so fecund, was still all that he had hitherto been. It would be strange if, after having been so much praised for his finesse, his penetration and promptitude in worldly affairs, he should be denied all judgment in a question which predominates over the rest. Let it not be said that these acts were inspired by the suggestions or influence of others. All who approached the prince know his inflexibility, and no one had sufficient ascendancy over him to induce him to do anything that was not in accordance with his own judgment and opinions."

You may be struck, like myself, with the following editorial sentence of the London *Times* of the day before yesterday: "The United States may boast of a series of statesmen, from the Declaration of Independence to a very recent period, who were eminently qualified to develop the natural resources and the political destiny of their country."

Marshal Bugeaud sailed for Algiers in the evening of the 13th instant. Success of a striking nature is now indispensable for his political fortunes. The vituperation of the Republican paper, the *National*, in reference to his character and career, is unpardonably coarse and violent. It calls him a

calumniator—an uncouth soldier, whose outrageous and unmerited elevation intoxicated him to madness; it laments the fate of Algeria, delivered up to his eccentricities and brutalities. His letter is “a *chef d'œuvre* of ridiculous impertinence and odious vanity.” Copious despatches from Algeria were inserted in all the papers of yesterday. They contain some consolation in an engagement of a French division with a body of Arab cavalry, who are reported to have lost a hundred and fifty men, killed, besides a hundred horses captured. In another quarter, after a succession of conflicts, ninety Arab corpses were found about the French camp; and a *razzia* yielded a hundred and forty sheep, thirty-five bullocks, and some women and children of an Arab encampment.

La Revue des Deux Mondes of the 15th ultimo, is a valuable number. The article, of forty pages, by Mde. Louis Collet, a lady eminent for both verse and prose, on Madame du Chatelet, the brazen mistress and learned companion of Voltaire, makes Voltaire, the woman, and their times better known than they can be from Lord Brougham's whole ambitious biography of the universal genius. Mde. Collet has skillfully used new materials, in letters, hitherto unedited, of St. Lambert and Marshal de Richelieu.

The Paris Savings Banks are still drained for the purpose of speculation in railroad stocks. Petitions flow in for the intervention of the government against “deceptive companies, without real capital or credit.” The prefect of police has addressed a report to the cabinet on the danger and serious evils of a crisis in the financial concerns of the middle and poorer classes—the small dealers and the domestics who have hazarded their all.

The retention of the island of Chusan is again a London theme. Attend to the Chronicle:

“The question, however, now is, shall we keep Chusan or not? Hong Kong is comparatively of little use to us, or at least may be rendered so; for, by the supplementary treaty, no Chinese junk can visit it without a license, which will be granted more seldom, and with greater reluctance, in proportion as our increasing prosperity awakens the jealousy of the Chinese. But this fact, though it may inspire us with regret for the loss of Chusan, which may, without a figure, be regarded as the key to the Chinese empire, can by no means justify our retention of it. We must discover some better grounds, and, fortunately for the present cabinet, the Chinese themselves have been careful to furnish us with such. It will probably be remembered that by what, we suppose, must still be called the late treaty, the same privileges and freedom of access were secured to English merchants and traders in and about Canton as are enjoyed at the other consular ports, but the provisions of the treaty have not been executed. Our countrymen, as well as all other Europeans, are almost as rigidly and completely excluded from Canton, as they were before the war, either through the fault of the authorities, or because of the inveterate hatred of the natives towards the English. To whatever source this grievance is to be traced, it obviously supplies us with a sufficient reason for maintaining possession of Chusan, at least till arrangements shall have been entered into for facilitating our intercourse with the southern capital. According to report, however, our exclusion from Canton is rather owing to the fierce

aversion of the inhabitants, than to the duplicity of the government, which it is supposed will prefer relinquishing Chusan to us, rather than come into collision with the turbulent and lawless natives of a province at all times prone to rebellion and anarchy. It may safely, therefore, be taken for granted, that if a firm and skilful diplomatist conduct the negotiations, we shall obtain Chusan, in return for the sacrifice of nominal privileges at Canton, where no Englishman can make his appearance without the risk of being grossly insulted. We can venture, however, to predict nothing. All we know is, that Chusan lies within our reach, provided our representative in China be gifted with ordinary prudence, and receive proper instructions from home. Still, whatever our success in this matter may be, it will by no means justify the unskilful and luckless policy which, at all events, has exposed us to the risk of losing the most valuable island on the coast of China, without securing to us advantages equivalent to such a sacrifice.”

A total silence about O'Connell is maintained by the French press. A late speech of the Liberator assures the world that it has been his constant life-endueavor to prevent a separation between Ireland and England: “One of the most powerful throes of his heart was for the connexion between both countries.” Accordingly, within the year past, he has invariably endeavored to impress it on the Irish people that all the British parties, the Ministry, the Parliament, the Protestants of every denomination, are bitterly and incurably hostile to Ireland!

It is lamentable, indeed, that the potato-disease has spread in Ireland.

Atmospheric influence is the present theory of our savans. It was stated to the scientific Congress at Naples that in Italy the mulberry and olive and the beet-root are epidemically affected.

The Paris *Univers*, a politico-religious journal of weight and currency, contains a long letter, dated the 15th ultimo, from New York, on religion in the United States. Stress is laid on the conversions from the Protestant denominations to the Catholic church, and a distinctive account given of the subdivisions of Protestantism. It is exultingly affirmed that American Puseyism is doing much for the Catholic cause. You will remark the final transition of the Puseyite oracles in England, which confirms, at least, the original interpretation of their doctrines and purposes by their adversaries. A letter from Oxford, of the 11th instant, says:

“Mr. Newman has been received into the Roman Catholic Church. Several other members of the university were received at the same time with Mr. Newman, and others are on the point of withdrawing from the established church. The names of those who have already entered the Church of Rome will shortly transpire. Another Fellow of Oriel has resigned his fellowship. These announcements have caused a great sensation in Oxford. No one seems to know where and how it will all end.”

French advices concerning the new German Reformation, styled in England the consummation of Luther's work, differ materially from the British. They are in no degree encomiastic or sanguine. The London Morning Post of the 13th instant has an editorial article on the subject, of a singular and impressive purport.

From the Critic.

Letters from Italy. By J. T. HEADLEY. New York and London, 1845. Wiley and Putnam.

Letters from Italy carry no recommendations on the face of them; they promise no novelty; nay, they would seem to be superfluous. The press has already flooded the world with books about Italy; every square inch of the country has been explored by every imaginable variety of the genus traveller—philosopher, poet, painter, statistician, antiquarian, twaddler. There would seem to be no gleanings for another laborer in the same field. But it is in seeming only. Italy may yet afford material for ten thousand charming volumes, provided that the writer comprehends his mission and possesses the capacity for his office.

Such a writer is Mr. Headley. He knows his proper task, and he has the ability to execute it. He is essentially an *artist*. He does not copy, but he paints. He professes to report to us not so much Italy as *his views* of it. The scenes he sketches are vivified by the hues of his own emotions. The spirit of philosophy and of poetry is in him; or rather, we should say, he is in the frame of his mind a poet, for the true poet and the true philosopher are identical, and no man can be the one without being also the other. His letters breathe the air of the sweet south—the spell of the land of music and of painting is upon him; he has caught its inspiration, and it has made him eloquent. But he loves wisely. The natural beauties of the clime, the wonders of art which almost live and breathe beneath that blue sky, the memories that hallow every footstep, do not throw him into convulsions, nor do they blind him to the degradations and deformities, physical and moral, into which the people of that land have fallen from causes which all are ready to assign, but which yet remain to be calmly investigated. If we linger over these letters longer than is our wont, it is because it is a better book than it is our lot often to review; and the readers of *THE CRITIC* are aware that its plan is to measure its notices by the worth and interest of the book reviewed, and not by its bulk, or the name of the publisher.

Mr. Headley quitted America in the autumn of 1842, sailing directly for Italy, and his opening description of life at sea not only possesses some novelty, but is a favorable specimen of his style.

LIFE ON THE WAVES.

"The sleeping, or rather not sleeping, in a miserable berth six feet by two, holding on to the one above you to prevent being thrown out—the eating like an Eastern devotee bowing over his sacrifice—the pitching and tossing of the ship against a headwind on the heavy breakers—the long, monotonous days, and often restless nights—the wearisome calms and fearful storms, and more than all the yearning after the green quiet earth, make a sea-voyage irksome and sickening. It is true there is some relief to this. There is a beauty at times in the ocean, in its changes and caprices, that breaks its otherwise insufferable tedium. I think I have never enjoyed *mere life* more keenly, than when sitting in a clear day far out on the flying jib-boom, I have careered with the careering vessel, and looking back a-down the keel, watched the waters part and foam away from the cleaving bows. Next to this I love, when the sea is 'gently rough,' to sit on the topmost yard, and look abroad on the great solemn ocean, and catching the dim outlines of the vessels that are

hovering on the edge of the horizon, send down 'Sail ho!' to the dreaming group on deck. It is pleasant also to lean over the taffrail and watch the rainbow-dolphin slowly swimming after the vessel, or the porpoises floundering ahead, while perhaps the black fin of a shark is combing the water in the distance. A clear evening on the quarter-deck is sweet, when the moist south wind just fills the sails that are gently swelling in the light of the moon, and the bright sparkles here and there on the water seem the twinkling of the feet of fairies abroad on their nightly revels. There is a sense of freedom too at sea. The jostling multitude—the jar of wheels, and the clamors of money-mad men, are not around. The heart is not compelled to retire within itself lest its feelings should be detected, and its emotions mocked. There are also time and room enough to think. Everything seems at leisure—even the waves when most excited have a stately motion. But these pleasures are all transient, and then comes the long pining after the fresh earth."

He landed in Genoa in October, and some half-dozen letters are devoted to that city. He opens one of these with a remark which proves how well he understands what a modern tourist has to do. "I have been," he says, "three weeks in Genoa, and I suppose I have not given you what is called a *general* description of the city. This I dislike most of all things—first, because it is indefinite, second, because it is uninteresting." We shall follow his example, and limit our extracts to matter that cannot be found in the gazetteers.

Mr. Headley and his party determined to take a house in the neighborhood of Genoa, and finally obtained one with which was associated the following curious

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

"There is quite a little romance connected with this building. It was formerly erected and owned by a wealthy man, who was in the habit of visiting a beautiful peasant girl in the neighborhood. Pleased with his attention, she cast off, as ladies are very apt to do, the rustic lover she had before encouraged. But although her new admirer was frequent and steady in his visits, he never mentioned the subject of matrimony. Things went on in this way for three years, till one night the gentleman was startled, as he was about leaving the house, by the abrupt entrance of the two brothers of the innamorat, demanding that he should immediately marry their sister. They told him that he had visited her for three years, thus keeping away other suitors, and destroying all hopes of their sister's marriage except with him; three years were quite long enough for him to make up his mind in, and as he had not done it, they had concluded to do it for him. This was bringing things to a focus he had not anticipated. For a man of wealth and station to marry a poor peasant girl, merely because he condescended to be smitten by her beauty, was something more than a joke; yet he saw at a glance that there was more meant by those brothers' speech than met the ear—in short, that his choice was to be a marriage or a stiletto through his heart. This was reducing things to the simplest terms; rather too simple for the wealthy admirer.

"The trembling, weeping girl, the bold, reckless brothers, and the embarrassed gentleman, must have formed a capital group in a peasant's cottage. At length Signor — attempted to

compromise the matter by saying that then was not the time, nor there the place, to celebrate such a ceremony; besides there was no priest, and the proper way would be to talk over the subject together in the morning. One of the brothers leaned back and rapped slightly on a side door; it opened, and a priest, with his noiseless, cat-like tread, entered the circle. 'Here is a priest,' said the brothers. There was a short interval of silence, when Signor — made a slight movement towards the door. Two daggers instantly gleamed before him. He saw that it was all over with him—that the three years of courtship were going to amount to something after all—and so yielded with as good grace as possible, and the nuptials were performed. Like a man of sense, he immediately placed his wife in a convent to be educated, while he, in the mean time, bought a title. Years passed by, and the ignorant peasant-girl emerged into the fashionable world, an accomplished woman. She is now a widow, and is called the beautiful Countess of —."

While at Genoa, the Carnival took place. Of this we have had so many accounts that we need not copy Mr. Headley's picture, although more spirited than any we have seen, save to relate an anecdote of Clara Novello, who was engaged to sing there, after a contest between the governments of Rome and Genoa which should have her, and which was decided by their *sharing the honor*! She attempted an air unsuited to her voice, was slightly hissed, and walked off the stage in dudgeon. For this she was put under arrest for three days, but was released on promise of good behavior.

The love of music in Italy amounts to a monomania. It absorbs all other thoughts, and probably tends not a little to keep the people in their present degraded and depressed condition. A horrible proof of it was witnessed by Mr. Headley.

A SCENE AT AN OPERA.

"I have seen and heard much of an Italian's love of music, but nothing illustrating it so forcibly as an incident that occurred last evening at the opera. In the midst of one of the scenes, a man in the pit near the orchestra was suddenly seized with convulsions. His limbs stiffened; his eyes became set in his head, and stood wide open, staring at the ceiling like the eyes of a corpse; while low and agonizing groans broke from his struggling bosom. The prima-donna came forward at that moment, but seeing this livid, death-stamped face before her, suddenly stopped, with a tragic look and start, that for *once* was perfectly natural. She turned to the bass-singer, and pointed out the frightful spectacle. He also started back in horror, and the prospect was that the opera would terminate on the spot; but the scene that was just opening was the one in which the prima-donna was to make her great effort, and around which the whole interest of the play was gathered, and the spectators were determined not to be disappointed because one man was dying, and so shouted, 'Go on! go on!' Clara Novello gave another look towards the groaning man, whose whole aspect was enough to freeze the blood, and then started off in her part. But the dying man grew worse and worse, and finally sprung bolt upright in his seat. A person sitting behind him, all-absorbed in the music, immediately placed his hands on his shoulders, pressed him down again, and held him firmly in his place. There he sat, pinioned fast, with his pale, corpse-like face

upturned, in the midst of that gay assemblage, and the foam rolling over his lips, while the braying of trumpets, and the voice of the singer, drowned the groans that were rending his bosom. At length the foam became streaked with blood as it oozed through his teeth, and the convulsive starts grew quicker and fiercer. But the man behind held him fast, while he gazed in perfect rapture on the singer, who now, like the ascending lark, was trying her loftiest strain. As it ended, the house rang with applause, and the man who had held down the poor writhing creature could contain his ecstasy no longer, and lifting his hands from his shoulders, clapped them rapidly together three or four times, crying out over the ears of the dying man, 'Brava, brava!' and then hurriedly placing them back again to prevent his springing up, in his convulsive throes. It was a perfectly maddening spectacle, and the music jarred on the chords of my heart like the blows of a hammer. But the song was ended, the effect secured, and so the spectators could attend to the sufferer in their midst. The gens-d'armes entered, and carried him speechless and lifeless out of the theatre."

Here is another trait:—

"BRAVO."

"The wife of our *chargé* related to me the other day a curious illustration of an Italian's habit of crying 'bravo' to everything that pleases him. During the winter there was a partial eclipse of the sun, and the Turinites were assembled on the public square to witness it. As the shadow of the moon slowly encroached on the sun's disc, they cried out 'bravo, bravo,' as they would to a successful actor on the stage."

Mr. Headley appears to have been much disappointed with society in Italy. The balls are showy, but uninteresting; they consist of very small talk and very zealous dancing—just like balls in England. As for the fabled beauty of the Italian women, he could nowhere find it. Their charm lies in their graceful figures and movements, and their lively unaffected manners. Take this portrait of

THE BELLE OF GENOA.

"There, for the first time, I saw the *belle* of the city, the Marchioness of Balbi. I was glad to see what the Italians regarded as beauty, and was surprised to find that she had the light complexion and rosy cheeks of the Saxon race. She was beautiful—*very*, but of that kind of beauty I do not particularly admire; it was, what I would term, of the *doll kind*. But oh, such spirits, and such a dazzling quantity of diamonds!—one almost needed to shield his eyes to look on her. The value of them was variously estimated, but the average estimate seemed to put them at about two hundred thousand dollars. But even her diamonds could not outshine the sparkling joy of her countenance. I never saw a being float so through a saloon, as if her body were a feather and her soul the zephyr that floated it. It made me sigh to look on her."

In Genoa, it seems, the monks and priests have established a regular trade of match-making, for which they receive three per cent. on all the dowry the bride they have won brings to her husband. "Custom," says our tourist, "has fixed this rate till it is absolute as law."

Italy is supposed to be the very focus of priestcraft, and so it is of priestly power; but it is ques-

tionable whether the people are really so imposed upon as they appear to be. A great storm occurred at Genoa during Mr. Headley's residence, and prayers were offered in the churches, and the storm of course passed off in due time. On this subject he had some talk with two classes of persons—his attendant Antonio, and a gentleman of his acquaintance. Said the former, "Ah, they know the storms in this country never last more than four days, and they saw the wind was changing before they started." Quoth the latter, "Umph, they watched the barometer, and were careful enough not to start till they saw it rising." These are significant signs of what is working in the depths of the national mind.

Another mode of cheating the church is related of the revels of the carnival:—

"The law is, that no dance shall be commenced after the great bell of the cathedral has struck the hour of midnight. They are not required, however, to stop in the middle of one already commenced, but are permitted to dance it out. Taking advantage of this law, just before midnight they divide the orchestra and form a new dance. One part of the orchestra rest till the other become fatigued, when they relieve them. There are always enough dancers to keep the set full, and yet half the company be resting. In this way the dance is not ended till two o'clock. By this simple process they cheat the church out of two good hours."

From Genoa Mr. Headley proceeded to Naples, and of course visited Vesuvius and the other sights of that magnificent country. To these we shall not follow him, but prefer some less hackneyed themes. Still he finds the same disappointment in the appearance of the

WOMEN OF NAPLES.

"You have heard of the bright eyes and raven tresses and music-like language of the Neapolitans; but I can assure you there is nothing like it here, i. e., among the lower classes. The only difference that I can detect between them and our Indians is, that our wild bloods are the more beautiful of the two. The color is the same, the hair very like indeed, and as to the 'soft bastard Latin' they speak, it is one of the most abominable dialects I ever heard. I know this is rather shocking to one's ideas of Italian women. I am sure I was prepared to view them in a favorable, nay, in a poetical light; but amid all the charms and excitements of this romantic land, I cannot see otherwise. The old women are hags, and the young women dirty, slipshod slatterns. Talk about 'bright-eyed Italian maids!' Among our lower classes there are five beauties to one good-looking woman here. It is nonsense to expect beauty among a population that live in filth, and eat the vilest substances to escape the horrors of starvation."

But it is otherwise as to form.

"In form the Italians excel us. Larger, fuller, they naturally acquire a finer gait and bearing. It is astonishing that our ladies should persist in that ridiculous notion that a small waist is, and, *per necessita*, must be beautiful. Why, many an Italian woman would cry for vexation, if she possessed such a waist as some of our ladies acquire, only by the longest, painfulest process. I have sought the reason of this difference, and can see no other than that the Italians have their glorious statuary continually before them, as models; and hence endea-

vor to assimilate themselves to them; whereas our fashionables have no models except those French stuffed figures in the windows of milliners' shops. Why, if an artist should presume to make a statue with the shape that seems to be regarded with us as the perfection of harmonious proportion, he would be laughed out of the city. It is a standing objection against the taste of our women the world over, that they will practically assert that a French milliner understands how they should be made better than Nature herself."

Rome was the next attraction, and our tourist arrived in time to witness the ceremonies of Holy Week. The scene of the benediction from St. Peter's is briefly but vividly described, and the effect is heightened by one of those touches which show the poet and the artist.

THE BENEDICTION.

"To imagine it well, you must place before you a magnificent church, with the paved ground gently sloping up to the flight of steps that lead into it. From each corner imagine an open colonnade running down in a semicircular form, inclosing a vast area, and you have the front of St. Peter's. The centre of the area was kept clear by the military, ranged round it in the form of a hollow square. Between the upper file of soldiers and the church steps, stood the living mass that waited the benediction. Behind the lower file were crowded the countless carriages. The open colonnades, and the top of one of them, are given to strangers. In the front of the church, over the main entrance, there is a gallery, covered with a crimson cloth and shaded by an immense piece of canvass. Into this gallery the pope advances, and blesses the people. * * * Nearly under me were a group of pilgrims, ragged and dirty, lying along the steps, unconscious of all around—their staves leaning across them, and their head on their hand, and they either nodding or fast asleep. One boy held my attention for a long time. He lay on the hard stone, in deep slumber, with his father asleep beside him. Suddenly there was the blast of a trumpet, and the father started from his repose, and, supposing the pope was about to appear, roused up his boy, so that they might not lose the invaluable blessing. The tired, ragged little fellow rose half up, and then fell back again heavily on the steps, sound asleep. The pope did not appear, and the father, too, was soon in deep slumber beside his boy. What were their dreams, in the midst of this pomp and splendor? They had wandered far from their quiet home, to receive the blessing of the holy father. Reckless of the magnificence around them—of the crowd—the ocean-like murmur that went up to heaven—they had fallen asleep under the shadow of St. Peter's. That boy, ragged and dirty as he was, had also his dreams, and his palace and objects of ambition; but they were all far away, and many a weary mile must be traversed before he would be amid them again. What a change, to be waked from that quiet dream by the sound of trumpets, and instead of his own rude hut by the mountain stream, to find the lofty cathedral before him, and the rumor of thousands around him!

"At length the pope appeared—engaged in a short prayer—stretched out his hands over the multitude that sunk to the earth—and pronounced the benediction. The long lines of soldiers kneeled in their ranks, and all was silent as the grave. But the last word was scarcely spoken before they

were on their feet—drum and trumpet pealed out their joy—the cannon of St. Angelo answered them, and the bells threw in their clang to swell the jubilee—the multitude began to sway and toss and disperse—and all was over.”

One of the most impressive ceremonies of the Holy Week is

THE CHANTING OF THE MISERERE.

“The ceremonies commenced with the chanting of the Lamentations. Thirteen candles, in the form of an erect triangle, were lighted up in the beginning, representing the different moral lights of the ancient church of Israel. One after another was extinguished as the chant proceeded, until the last and brightest one at the top, representing *Christ*, was put out. As they one by one slowly disappeared in the deepening gloom, a blacker night seemed gathering over the hopes and fate of man, and the lamentation grew wilder and deeper. But as the Prophet of prophets, the light, the hope of the world, disappeared, the lament suddenly ceased. Not a sound was heard amid the deepening gloom. The catastrophe was too awful, and the shock too great to admit of speech. He who had been pouring his sorrowful notes over the departure of the good and great seemed struck suddenly dumb at this greatest woe. Stunned and stupefied, he could not contemplate the mighty disaster. I never felt a heavier pressure on my heart than at this moment. The chapel was packed in every inch of it, even out of the door far back into the ample hall, and yet not a sound was heard. I could hear the breathing of the mighty multitude, and amid it the suppressed half-drawn sigh. Like the chanter, each man seemed to say, ‘*Christ is gone, we are orphans—all orphans!*’ The silence at length became too painful. I thought I should shriek out in agony, when suddenly a low wail, so desolate and yet so sweet, so despairing and yet so tender, like the last strain of a broken heart, stole slowly out from the distant darkness and swelled over the throng, that the tears rushed unbidden to my eyes, and I could have wept like a child in sympathy. It then died away as if the grief were too great for the strain. Fainter and fainter, like the dying tone of a lute, it sunk away as if the last sigh of sorrow was ended, when suddenly there burst through the arches a cry so piercing and shrill that it seemed not the voice of song, but the language of a wounded and dying heart in its last agonizing throb. The multitude swayed to it like the forest to the blast. Again it ceased, and the broken sobs of exhausted grief alone were heard. In a moment the whole choir joined their lament and seemed to weep with the weeper. After a few notes they paused again, and that sweet, melancholy voice mourned on alone. Its note is still in my ear. I wanted to see the singer.”

Among the interesting sights of Rome are two plain tomb-stones. One in the English burying-ground bears the epitaph—

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.—“*Cor Cordium.*”

“Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.”

The other, in an adjoining cemetery, is a small marble slab, half hidden amid the long grass, on which is writ, “This grave contains all that is mortal of a young English poet, who on his death-

bed, in the bitterness of his heart, at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraved on his tombstone, ‘Here lies one whose name was writ in water.’ Feb. 28, 1821.” It is the grave of Keats. But his name is inscribed upon the record of his country’s genius.

It was with eager curiosity that Mr. Headley, full of the recollections of *Corinne*, went to hear

AN IMPROVISATRICE.

“An urn was left at the door, in which every one who wished dropped on a bit of paper the subject he wished her to improvise. The urn was to be handed to the improvisatrice, from which she must draw, by chance, the number of topics she was to render into verse during the evening. I sat all on the ‘*qui vive*,’ waiting her appearance, expecting to see enter a tall, queenly beauty, with the speaking lip and flashing eye uttering poetry even in their repose. I expected more, from the fact that these inspired birds are getting rare even in Italy, and this was the second opportunity there had been of hearing one during the entire year. Well, at last she came, a large, gross-looking woman, somewhere between thirty-five and fifty years of age, and as plain as a pike-staff. She ascended the platform somewhat embarrassed, and sat down; the urn was handed her, from which she drew seven or eight papers, and read the subjects written upon them. They were a motley mess enough to turn into poetry in the full tide of song. I looked at her somewhat staggered, and wished very much to ask her if (as we say at home) she did not want to back out of the undertaking. However, she started off boldly, and threw off verse after verse with astonishing rapidity. After she had finished, she sat down, wiped the perspiration from her forehead, while a man, looking more like Bacchus than Cupid, brought her a cup of nectar in the shape of coffee, which she coolly sipped before the audience, and then read the next topic and commenced again. Between each effort came the coffee. Some of the subjects were unpoetical enough, and staggered her prodigiously. The ‘*spavined dactyls*’ would not budge an inch, and she would stop—smite her forehead—go back—take a new start, and try to spur over the chasm with a boldness that half redeemed her failures; sometimes it required three or four distinct efforts before she could clear it. The large drops of moisture that oozed from her forehead in the excitement formed miniature rivulets down her cheeks, till I exclaimed to myself, well there is *perspiration* there, whether there be *inspiration* or not; and after all, who can tell the difference?”

We do not remember to have read before of the Artists’ Fête, of which we have here a long and curious account. It is held in the quarries of Rome; the dining-hall is an old forsaken ruin hard by. At eight o’clock the procession forms, headed by the president, dressed fantastically, and followed by many hundreds of artists and their friends, each in the oddest costume his purse or fancy can furnish, some on foot, some on mules, some on donkeys; the more *outré* the appearance, the more in keeping with the scene. To the quarries they go, and the president is there enthroned.

“Around him were flags of every description and ornaments of no description. He had on a necklace, made, I should suppose, of a huge Bologna sausage, with pieces a foot and a half

long, putting out at intervals all round it, at the end of which stood an imp striving with all his might to fill it with wind. At his side stood a drummer, that looked more like a griffin than a man, beating rapid and hurried beats upon his drum, while at every pause arose the chorus of some wild German song. Before him, in the dirt, were all sorts of divinities waltzing—two-thirds drunk. Round and round they would spin, ankle deep, in the powdered clay, until they came on the broken rocks with a jar that made my bones ache even to see."

And in this entire abandonment to unlicensed revel the day is passed.

Quitting Rome with reluctance, our traveller journeyed towards Florence, visiting all objects of interest on the route. Among the rest was a church of the little town of San Giovanni. He saw cased within the wall a human skeleton, no mason's work surrounding it, but among the naked, jagged stones, it stood erect and motionless. A few years since, when the church was under repair, the workmen had occasion to pierce the wall, and struck upon the skeleton. The attitude indicates a death of agony; and an English physician who was present declared that he must have died of suffocation, and that he had evidently been built in alive, beginning at the feet.

At Florence, Mr. Headley notices especially the works of two American artists as remarkable for their indications of genius. One of them has lately received its meed of approbation in England, where art receives more patronage than in America; and therefore we may boast the possession of her first great work of sculpture—the Greek Slave, by Mr. Powers. Of this beautiful statue the following anecdote is told:—

THE GREEK SLAVE.

"An American, who had suddenly acquired great wealth by speculation, took it into his head to travel, and finding himself at length in Florence, made a visit to Mr. Powers' studio. Looking over the different statues, his eye rested on the Greek Slave. 'What may you call that are boy?' said he. 'The Greek Slave,' replied Mr. Powers. 'And what may be the price of it?' continued our Yankee. 'Three thousand dollars,' was the answer, as the artist gazed a moment at the odd specimen of humanity before him. 'Three thousand dollars!' he exclaimed—you don't say so, now. Why, I thought of buying something on you, but that's a notch above me. Why, *statiary* is *riz*, ain't it?'"

Mr. Powers has another statue, an Eve, which our traveller describes as equally, if not more admirable.

"Powers' Eve is a woman with a soul as well as heart, and as she stands with the apple in her hand, musing on the fate it involves, and striving to look down the dim and silent future it promises to reveal, her countenance indicates the great, yet silent struggle within. Wholly absorbed in her own reflections, her countenance unconsciously brings you into the same state of deep and painful thought. She is a noble woman—*too noble to be lost.*"

The artist told him that no less than thirty different females had stood for this statue.

Another promising sculptor from America is Mr. Brown. His most famous work is

THE INDIAN BOY.

"In it Mr. Brown has endeavored to body forth

his own nature, which is full of 'musing and melancholy.' The boy has gone into the woods to hunt, but the music of the wind among the tree tops, and the swaying of the great branches above him, and the mysterious influence of the deep forest, with its multitude of low voices, have made him forget his errand; and he is leaning on a broken tree, with his bow resting against his shoulder, while one hand is thrown behind him, listlessly grasping the useless arrow. His head is slightly bent, as if in deep thought, and as you look on the face, you feel that forest boy is beyond his years, and has begun too early to muse on life and on man. The effect of the statue is to interest one deeply in the fate of the being it represents. You feel that his life will not pass like the life of ordinary men. This effect, the very one the artist sought to produce, is of itself the highest praise that could be bestowed on the work."

But there has arisen suddenly, unexpectedly, and almost as it were by inspiration, an artist who promises to surpass all modern sculptors. He is by birth an Italian, though a Frenchman by extraction. His history is too interesting to be omitted. His name is

DUPRE, THE SCULPTOR.

"Originally a poor wood engraver, he designed and executed last year, unknown to anybody, the model of a dead Abel. Without advancing in the usual way from step to step, and testing his skill on busts, and inferior subjects, he launched off on his untried powers into the region of highest effort. A year ago this winter, at the annual exhibition of designs and statues in Florence, young Dupré placed his Abel in the gallery. No one had seen it—no one had heard of it. Occupying an unostentatious place, and bearing an unknown name, it was at first passed by with a cursory glance. But somehow or other, those who had seen it once found themselves after awhile returning for a second look, till at length the whole crowd stood grouped around it, in silent admiration—our own artists among the number. It became immediately the talk of the city, and, in a single week, the poor wood engraver vaulted from his humble occupation into a seat among the first artists of his country. A Russian princess passing through the city saw it, and was so struck with its singular beauty, that she immediately ordered a statue, for which the artist is to receive four thousand dollars. Many of the artists became envious of the sudden reputation of Dupré, and declared that no man ever wrought that model, and could not—that it was moulded from a dead body, and the artist was compelled to get the affidavits of his models to protect himself from slander.

"I regard this figure equal, if not superior, in its kind to any statue ever wrought by any sculptor of any age. It is not proper, of course, to compare it with the Venus de' Medici, or Apollo Belvidere, for they are of an entirely different character. The dead son of Niobe, in the Hall of Niobe, in the Royal Gallery, is a stiff wooden figure compared to it. The only criticism I could utter when I first stood over it was, '*Oh, how dead he lies!*' There is no marble there, it is all flesh—flesh flexible as if the tide of life poured through it—yet bereft of its energy. The beautiful martyr looks as if but just slain, and before the muscles became rigid and the form stiff, had been thrown on a hill side, and with his face partly turned away, and one arm flung back despairingly over his head, he lies in death as natural as the human

body itself would rest. The same perfection of design and execution is exhibited in all the details, and the whole figure is a noble monument of modern genius.—Being a new thing, and hence not down in the guide-books, most travellers have passed through Florence without seeing it.”

But it is time to conclude, although we have not exhausted a tithe of the passages we had marked. We will add only Mr. Headley's judicious

ADVICE TO INVALIDS.

“And here let me say to those who visit Italy for their health, to ascertain well beforehand what ails them. For invalids of a certain character, such as those troubled with pulmonary affections, this climate will doubtless often be found very beneficial; but to dyspeptics, and those afflicted with the whole tribe of nervous diseases, it is the very worst climate they could possibly visit. The air is too stimulating, and produces constant excitement, where the very reverse is needed. The consequence is, that most of the Italians themselves, who in our country would be nervous dyspeptics, are here lunatics. *A sensitive nervous system cannot endure the stimulating air and diet of Italy.* I have tried it for nearly a year, and now leave it sooner than I designed, and far worse than when I entered it.”

With this we bid adieu to one of the most intelligent and agreeable travellers we have met for many a day, assured that the specimens we have presented will recommend the letters from which they are taken to the further acquaintance of our readers.

THE following beautiful translation, from the pen of a wrangler at Cambridge, will be read with interest.—*Critic.*

THE SOLILOQUY OF MARCO.

In Manzoni's tragedy *Il Conte di Carmagnola*, translated from the Italian, Marco, a Venetian senator, the count's intimate friend, is confidentially informed by the Council of Ten that an order has been despatched recalling Carmagnola from the command of the army, with a view to his trial for alleged treasonable designs against the state. He is then induced to sign a paper, pledging himself to impart to no one the secret which has been thus communicated to him. His weakness of mind, infirmity of purpose, and treachery to his friend occasion a soliloquy, of which the following is a free translation:

A villain I—the die already cast—
Virtue's broad line irrevocably pass'd—
Tempted and fallen—ere this morning's light
How little knew I mine own soul aright!
Oh! what a secret have I learnt this day;
And could I then my trusting friend betray?
Mark yon assassin lure him to the snare—
Yon flashing blade, yet whisper not “beware!”
I might have saved my friend—he now must bleed—
And Heav'n, which I invoked, shall watch the deed.

This hand hath signed his doom; if blood be spilt,
I am the damning cause—he mine the guilt.
What have I done? why fear'd I had I forgot

That life is oft preserved when virtue's not?
Whence, then, this treacherous oath, and whence
this fear?

Were these grey hairs, or was my friend most dear?

All-seeing God! vouchsafe thine high control;
Purge Thou my mental eye—lay bare my soul,
That I may know what caused this abject state,
Whether 't was dulness, cowardice, or fate.
When thou, my friend, shalt see (how deep the shame!)

Mid yon vile signatures, thy Marco's name—
That he invites thee—doubt shall yield to joy—
Mistrust to faith—O God! 't is I destroy;
Yet spoke they not of mercy—such, forsooth,
As reckless power awards to naked truth.
Mercy to him! 't was named because his heart
Sought noble pretext for its treacherous part;
Fear had done much, perchance without avail—
Mercy's brief mention turned the trembling scale;
Fool did I trust, but villain did I not,
Or reason's rule or virtue's was forgot.

To each these traitors have his part assigned
By the dark guilt inherent in his mind—
To this the wreathed smile—to that the steel—
The third in brutal threats enured to deal;
My part to make the tragic game complete,
Was base submission and most vile deceit;
And I sustain it—baser far than they

Whom, whilst I scorn, I fear to disobey.
I sought him out—was dazzled by his fame—
His lofty genius and commanding name.
Oh! wherefore thought I not what onerous woes
Strict ties of friendship with the great impose!
Why did I seek up Fame's rude height to toil,
Partake the danger and divide the spoil?

My proffered hand he grasped, and now betray'd—
Beset by foes—that hand withdraws its aid.
Waking, he seeks his friend, and where am I!
One look of quiet scorn—he turns to die.

What have I done? nought yet; yon fatal scroll
Bears a deep oath—'t is graven on my soul;
Yet if that oath were wrongful, Conscience' voice
Bids me abjure it—such be then my choice.
A vast abyss yawns darkly 'neath mine eyes.
One step, and I am lost; then hold, be wise;
Is there no middle course, my friend—mine oath?

One word of warning shall destroy us both.
'T was a mere threat perchance—perchance 't was true.

The dreadful truth breaks flashing on my view;
No righteous council left. Mid your dark spell,
Dissembling knaves, one thing at least is well;
Yourselves have shaped the course that I shall go;
Yours be the obloquy, be mine the woe.
Nought will I do—enslaved and fettered still,
To your vile keeping I submit my will.
Land of my birth, adieu! I ask no more
Than speedy death ere tidings from thy shore.
Here—urgent dangers mock my ling'ring stay,
And Heaven's especial grace ordains my way;
I may not die for thee, most cherish'd lot,
And all thy pride and fame avail me not.
Integrity and friendship once were mine,
Both these I yield—rare offerings—at thy shrine;
Do thou benignant teach me to control
The deep misgivings of a guilty soul!*

*It must be confessed that there is nothing which corresponds to the two last lines in the Italian.

From the Critic.

The Anatomy of Sleep; or the Art of procuring sound and refreshing slumber at Will. By EDWARD BINNS, M. D. 8vo. Second Edition, London, 1845. John Churchill.

WHEN we reflect how large a portion of human life is passed in sleep, how important is its purpose, how necessary its recurrence to the animal and mental economy, both in health and disease, and how various and multiplied are the antagonistic influences opposed to it, in the shape of sickness, anxieties and troubles, we become sensible of the value of a judicious inquiry into its peculiar nature and properties, since from such only may we hope for a result which shall place within our power the means of commanding this refreshing agent when most needed, and at the same time a knowledge how to regulate the use of it so as best to serve the interest of the mind and body.

Many as have been the writers who have considered this subject, from Galen down to Bichat and Macnish, little light has been thrown by them on this most curious and interesting and important inquiry; they have speculated and doubted, theorized and experimented enough, yet nothing determinate has followed—the true physiology of sleep, like the *elixir vite* of the alchemists, remains to be discovered.

The genius of Macnish—no common one—though devoted with earnestness and zeal to the investigation, failed to penetrate, much less solve the mystery; he produced an entertaining rather than an instructive work, adding little to what was already known, and less that was of practical utility.

Nor can we compliment the author of the book before us upon having accomplished more than his predecessors, or furthered in a material degree our knowledge of the subject. The very title of his book is an unhappy one. "*The Anatomy of Sleep*," or the "*Art of procuring Slumber*," as though the latter sprung from and were a natural consequence of the former; with the same propriety might he have written a treatise on human anatomy, and styled it "*the theory of life*." But the aim of the writer, whether he have succeeded or not, must not be overlooked; it does honor to his heart. Considering sleep, as Lord Bacon esteemed it, "*the true balm of life, the medicatrix nature* to whose *vigilance* (rather an awkward expression) we are indebted for that condition of mind and body which is termed *health*," Dr. Binns has, in the work before us, communicated to the world the secret of procuring it in sickness and in health, at all times, in all places, and under any circumstances, at will.

This discovery, he candidly avows, is not his own; the honor of it belongs to the late Mr. Gardner, the hypnotologist—a curious and clever invalid—from whom he purchased it for a pecuniary consideration, and now, contrary to the advice of his friends, he promulgates it for the benefit of the world. So far does our author's belief extend, that he says—"If it be possible to lengthen life by artificial means to an indefinite period—and with Lord Bacon, Darwin, Herder, Munro, and Richerand, we see nothing in the body itself which precludes this hope—it must be by the subjugation of the cerebral organs to the faculty of sleep; or, in other words, by acquiring the exercise of that property at will by which the vital powers are permitted to progress in nutrition and assimilation,

unfettered and uninterrupted by the secretion of thought." Though we cannot agree with the author in his inference, that by sleep only can so desirable an end be obtained, nor, indeed, that with this frail body it can be achieved at all, there can be no doubt that the possessing of a means whereby sleep may be insured at pleasure, must materially diminish human suffering, and conduce, in a degree, to the preservation of health; and that therefore, to make such a discovery public is to confer a boon and benefit on the human family at large.

By far the greater portion of the volume before us is taken up by considerations and descriptions, which, though not altogether foreign to the expressed intention of the book, contribute so little to advance our knowledge of the main subject as to be, perhaps, better suited for separate publication—as where the author gives different recipes for the removal of tan and freckles from the face, a description of spectres, and of the four modes of death, &c.—than for a book of this nature.

The *arcana*, to promulgate which is the avowed object of the author in undertaking this work, is contained in a few lines at its end. We do, however, no more than justice to the writer, when we say that he has pointed out very clearly in the early part of the book the distinction and connection which exists between animal and mental life; the former having its seat in the ganglionic system, the latter in the brain. For the information and benefit of our readers, and at the same time to further the benevolent purpose of Dr. Binns, we transfer to our columns the plan he recommends.

TO PROCURE SLEEP AT WILL.

"Let him turn on his right side, place his head comfortably on the pillow, so that it exactly occupies the angle a line drawn from the head to the shoulder would form, and then slightly closing his lips, take rather a full inspiration, breathing as much as he possibly can through the nostrils. This, however, is not absolutely necessary, as some persons breathe always through their mouths during sleep, and rest as sound as those who do not. Having taken a full inspiration, the lungs are then to be left to their own action—that is, the respiration is neither to be accelerated nor retarded too much, but a very full inspiration must be taken. The attention must now be fixed upon the action in which the patient is engaged. He must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart, imagination slumbers, fancy becomes dormant, thought ceases, the sentient faculties lose their susceptibility, the vital or ganglionic system assumes the sovereignty, and, as we before remarked, he no longer wakes, but sleeps. For the instant the mind is brought to the contemplation of a single sensation, that instant the sensorium abdicates the throne, and the hypnotic faculty steeps it in oblivion.

"It will happen sometimes that the patient does not succeed on the first attempt; but he must not be discouraged. Let him persevere, taking in full inspirations and expirations thirty or forty times, without attempting to count them: for if he does, the act of numeration will keep him awake; and even should he not succeed in inducing very sound sleep, he will, at least, fall into that state of pleas

ing delirium which is precursory of repose, and which is scarcely inferior to it. Many trials have satisfied us of this.

"Sponging the body before retiring to rest, whether in winter or summer, and rubbing the surface afterwards with a coarse towel, are preliminary steps which conduce much to sound sleep.

"If sleeplessness be the effect of severe pain, an anodyne, under the advice of the medical attendant, may be taken; but this, if possible, should be avoided. If from cold feet, a blanket at the foot of the bed, between the sheets, will give the necessary heat; or, what is as effective, sponge the feet with a coarse towel dipped in water, then dry them well, and put on a clean pair of worsted socks. This precaution should be taken by all persons who are liable to colds, coughs, and asthmas, and East and West Indians should never, till they have become acclimatized, sleep without them.

"On no account should the bed be placed so that the rays of light from the window will fall upon the eyes, or be allowed to stream in upon them horizontally. In such cases, sound sleep is nearly impossible."

In a note we are informed that since the publication of the first edition of this work, several persons have declared they could not induce sleep by this method. To these and all such as fail in the attempt, the author offers an assurance that they do not give it a fair trial. As in Mesmerism, continued attempts are necessary; the patient who resists for a time, we are told, eventually succumbs to the influence of sleep in this manner produced. Among a number of gentlemen mentioned who have found the prescribed means effectual are the names of Prince Albert, Sir F. Buxton, Sir J. Anderson, Sheridan Knowles, and Drs. Little, Hurst, and Balbirnie. As nothing can be simpler than the plan recommended, our readers can test its value for themselves; if it succeed, that "honor due" will be awarded by all to the inventor, and to him who makes the discovery public, we are sure.

In the chapter devoted to the subject of dreaming we have looked in vain for a satisfactory explanation of this curious faculty: the author supplies us with a description of what we think, see, hear, and imagine, which, from personal experience, we all knew before, but not a word from himself can we find in explanation of this curious phenomenon. A number of interesting and remarkable cases are given of premonitory and other dreams, from which we extract the following:

DREAM OF SIR THOMAS WOTTON.

"In the *Life of Sir Henry Wotton*, by Izaak Walton, we find a dream related of Sir Henry's father, Thomas Wotton:—A little before his death he dreamed that the University of Oxford was robbed by townsmen and poor scholars, and that the number was five; and being that day to write to his son Henry, at Oxford, he thought it worth so much pains, as by a postscript to his letter to make a slight inquiry of it. The letter was written from Kent, and came to his son's hands the very morning after the night in which the robbery was committed, for the dream was true, and the circumstances, though not in the exact time. And when the city and the University were both in a perplexed inquest of the thieves,

then did Sir Henry Wotton show his father's letter. And, by it, such light was given to this work of darkness, that the five guilty persons were presently discovered and apprehended, without putting the University to so much trouble as the casting of a figure."

DISCOVERY OF A MURDERER.

"There is a remarkable case recorded of a man who, on the investigation of a late murder committed in the North of Scotland, voluntarily came forward, and swore that he had had a dream, in which was represented to him the spot where the pack of the murdered man, a pedlar, was to be found. On searching, it was discovered very near the spot, and the first impression was, that he had murdered the man; but on conviction of the real murderer, he was acquitted on his confession, and the manner in which his dream is explained seems satisfactory. He and the murderer had passed several days together subsequent to the murder in a constant state of intoxication, and it is supposed during that period the fact of the murder, and the place where the pack was hid, were communicated to him. This is a reasonable and sensible explanation. It did not suit, however, the views of many persons, who looked upon it as a direct interference of Providence, to discover the murderer; as if it would not have been better for Providence to have excited this dreamer in the first instance to prevent the murder, by which the life of an innocent man would have been spared, rather than permitting the murder to be perpetrated, merely that a guilty man might be punished!"

It is the opinion of our author that dreaming and insanity are closely allied. He grounds this belief on the fact that maniacs and dreamers are, in common, inundated with a superabundance of ideas, have a concatenation of impressions which invert order, escape arrangement, and defy control—a conclusion unwarranted, we opine, by anything more than these similarities. It will surprise some of our readers to learn that so clear and just a thinker as Franklin was a believer in the efficacy of dreams. He asserted that he had been several times assisted in dreams on the issue of affairs in which he had been engaged during the day. La Fontaine made verses in his sleep. Rousseau composed the beautiful air which is called his *Dream*, while lying asleep on the benches of the theatre at Venice; and Tartini composed the *Devil's Sonata*, as he stated, in a dream. From the first volume of the *Causes Célèbres* the author has taken the following story of two lovers who, prevented by an accident from marrying, after the supposed death of the lady, fled from France and lived together happily abroad.

"Two men in trade, who lived in the Rue St. Honore at Paris, nearly equal in circumstances, both following the same business, and united in the closest bonds of amity, had each of them a child, much about the same age. These children were brought up together, and conceived a mutual attachment, which, ripening with years into a stronger and more lively sentiment, was approved by the parents on both sides. This young couple was on the point of being made happy, when a rich financier, conceiving a passion for the young maiden, unfortunately crossed their inclinations by demanding her in marriage. The allurements of a more brilliant fortune seduced her father and mother, notwithstanding their daughter's repug-

nance, to consent to the change. To their entreaties, however, she was obliged to yield, and sacrificed her affections by becoming the wife of the financier. Like a woman of virtue she forbade her earlier lover the house. A fit of melancholy, the consequence of this violence done to her inclinations, by entering into an engagement of interest, brought on a malady, which so far benumbed her faculties, that she was thought by all her friends to be dead, and was accordingly consigned to the grave. The former lover, conceiving and hoping that what he had heard of her death might only prove a syncope, or fit of lethargy, as she had been before subject to these complaints, bribed the grave-digger to convey the body to his house in the night time. He then used every means recommended for restoring suspended animation, and was at length overjoyed at finding his efforts prove effectual.

"It is not easy to conceive the surprise of the young woman on her resuscitation, when she found herself in a strange house, and, as it were, in the arms of her lover, who informed her of what had taken place, and the risk he had run on her account. She then comprehended the extent of her obligation to her deliverer, and love, more pathetic than all his persuasions to unite their destinies, determined her, on her recovery, to escape with him into England, where they lived for some time in the closest union.

"At the end of ten years they conceived the natural wish of revisiting their own country, and at length returned to Paris, where they took no precaution whatever of concealing themselves, being persuaded that no suspicion would attend their arrival. It happened, however, by chance, that the financier met his wife in one of the public walks. The sight of her made so strong an impression on him, that the persuasion of her death could not efface it. He contrived it so as to join her, and notwithstanding the language which she used to impose upon him, he left her with the conviction that he was not deceived.

"The strangeness of this event gave more charms to the woman in the eyes of her former husband, than she had for him before. He acted with such address, that he discovered her abode, notwithstanding all her precautions, and reclaimed her with all the regular formalities of justice. It was in vain that the lover maintained the right which his cares for his mistress gave him to the possession of her—that he represented her inevitable death but for him—that he (the husband) ought even to be accused of homicide, for want of having taken proper precautions to assure himself of her death—and a thousand other ingenious reasonings, which love suggested to him, but without the desired effect. He found that the judicial ear was against him, and not thinking it expedient to await the result of a definite judgment, he fled with his mistress into a foreign country, where they passed the remainder of their days without further molestation."

We close our extracts from this chapter on France and premature interments with the singular case of Sir Hugh Ackland.

"Sir Hugh Ackland, of Devonshire, having died, as was supposed, of fever, was laid out, and the nurse and two of the footmen appointed to sit up with the corpse. Lady Ackland, with a view to their comfort, sent them a bottle of brandy, when one of the servants saying to his companion that as his master dearly loved brandy, when alive, he

was resolved to give him some now that he was dead, poured out a bumper, and emptied it down his throat. A gurgling immediately ensued, accompanied with spasmodic action of the throat and chest. The other footman and nurse, terrified at the noise, ran down stairs, while he who had exhibited the brandy attempting to follow, precipitated himself headlong after them. The noise of the fall, and the cries of the nurse and footman, awakening a young gentleman who slept in the house that night; he got up, and going into the room where the corpse lay, to his great surprise, saw Sir Hugh sitting upright. Having alarmed the servants, the baronet was removed into a warm bed, and the family apothecary and physician summoned. In a few weeks he was perfectly restored, and lived several years after, and when he really died, left a handsome annuity to the facetious footman who had saved his life."

We conclude our extracts with the following story of a somnambulist who was taken by the ship's company to which he belonged for a ghost, and who at last walked overboard and was drowned.

"When on a voyage to New York, we had not been four days at sea, before an occurrence of a very singular nature broke our quiet. It was a ghost! One night, when all was still and dark, and the ship rolling at sea, before the wind, a man sprang suddenly on deck in his shirt, his hair erect, his eyes starting from their sockets, and loudly vociferating that he had seen a ghost. After his horror had a little subsided, we asked him what he had seen? He said he saw the figure of a woman dressed in white, with eyes of flaming fire; that she came to his hammock and stared him in the face. This we treated as an idle dream, and sent the frantic fellow to his bed. The story became the subject of every one; and the succeeding night produced half-a-dozen more terrified men, to corroborate what had happened the first: and all agreed in the same story, that it was a woman. The rumor daily increasing, at length came to the ears of the captain and officers, who were all equally solicitous to discover the true cause of this terrific report. I placed myself night by night beneath the hammocks, to watch its appearance, but all in vain; yet still the appearance was nightly, as usual, and the horrors and fears of the people rather daily increased than diminished. A phantom of this sort rather amused than perplexed my mind; and when I had given over every idea of discovering the cause of this strange circumstance, and the thing began to wear away, I was surprised one very dark night, as seated under the boats, with a stately figure in white stalking along the decks! The singularity of the event struck my mind that this must be the very identical ghost which had of late so much disturbed the ship's company. I therefore instantly dropped down, from the place I was in, to the deck on which it appeared, when it passed immediately very quickly, turned round, and marched directly forwards. I followed it closely, through the gallery, and out at the head-doors, when the figure instantly disappeared, which very much astonished me. I then leaped upon the fore-castle, and asked of the people who were walking there if such a figure had passed them? They replied, no! with some emotion and pleasure, as I had ever ridiculed all their reports on this subject. However, this night's scene between me and the ghost became the

theme of the ensuing day. Nothing particular transpired till twelve o'clock, when, as the people were pricking at the tub for their beef, it was discovered Jack Sutton was missing. The ship's company was directly mustered, and Jack was nowhere to be found. I then inquired of his mess-mates the character of the man; and, after a number of interrogatories, one of them said, that Jack Sutton used to tell them a number of comical jokes about his walking in his sleep. Now the mystery was unravelled; and this terrific ghost, which had so much alarmed all the sailors, now proved to be the unfortunate poor Jack Sutton, who had walked overboard in his dream.

"The first fellow who spread this report, and who showed such signs of horror, was found on inquiry to be a most flagitious villain, who had murdered a woman, who he believed always haunted him; and the appearance of this sleep-walker confirmed in his mind the ghost of the murdered fair one; for, in such cases, conscience is a busy monitor, and ever active to its own pain and disturbance."

Here we take our leave of a book which, though, as we have before stated, it contains little that is new, abounds in readable and interesting matter. To persons unacquainted with that most delightful of sciences—physiology—this volume will furthermore convey instruction, and that, too, in a most agreeable manner. We should add that the notes to this work, furnished by the Right Hon. Earl Stanhope, display a vast extent of reading, and a familiar acquaintance with the various branches of science comprehended and alluded to in the text.

FREDERICK III., OF PRUSSIA, AND THE BIRD-CATCHER.—A few years before his death, a dealer in singing-birds, from the Prussian part of the Harz mountains, came to Berlin, and called at the palace to express, in what he thought the best way, his thanks for the kindnesses which had been shown his sons, who were soldiers; viz., by presenting to the king a so-called piping bullfinch, which, with enduring patience, he had taught to pipe the national air of "Hail! Frederick William," &c., throughout, and correctly—this being the only instance of perfect success. The king smiled, and ordered the bird fancier to be shown up, who, having placed the cage containing the interesting songster on the table, the bird, after some kindly words from its music-master, went through the practised air with all the solemnity of a cathedral priest, to the surprise and amusement of the king, whose delight increased when, on his saying "De Capo," the bird piped the air again. To the question, "What's the price?" the pleased Papageno replied, "I won't take money for him; but if my dear king will accept the bird, and love him, the bare thought of his piping in the king's chamber, will make me the happiest man of our Harz, and the first bird-catcher in the world." The king felt good-will towards the honest fellow, who stood before him unabashed in his linen jacket; and Timm, who had been summoned, received his majesty's commands to have a room prepared for the bird-fancier in the adjoining wing of the palace, to show him every hospitality, and to take care that he saw the sights of Berlin. At the same time Timm was instructed to find out what boon would be most acceptable to Papageno. For several days he remained in the palace, and

was more than once summoned into the king's presence, who inquired minutely as to the localities of his part of the Harz, and was amazed with his sensible and frank replies. During this stay, Timm adroitly obtained such knowledge of his private circumstances and views as contented the king. When the time for the man's departure came, Timm franked him back by the diligence. Arrived at home, he found, to his utter astonishment, that the mortgage of five hundred dollars on his house had been paid off by command of his majesty. Thus was his unhopd-for but highest earthly desire accomplished, whilst he was enjoying the sights in Berlin.—*Critic*.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF CANINE SAGACITY.—A singular instance of canine sagacity and affection was discovered the other night in an unfrequented part of the beautiful Den of Craighall. A bitch of a superior description, belonging to Mr. Walker, Cassindilly, has several times had young dogs, which were always drowned. On these occasions she evinced great uneasiness and distress; and on the present resolved, if possible, to secure her young, and rear them in safety. For some time past she had been observed to leave the farm and return at regular intervals for her food; and so anxious did she appear to keep her retreat secret, that she was often known to go out to a high place near the farm and wait until she saw her road clear, when she would run off in some new direction, for she was never known to take the same road twice. Once or twice she was noticed about Craighall, and after search it was found that she was rearing her young family in a hole in one of the old quarries, at a distance of two or three miles from the place where she received her food! As a reward for her fidelity and attachment, her young have been taken under charge by Mr. Brown, the keeper of the den, and food has been supplied to her, so that she continues to nurse the pups in the place where they were born. There have been many applications for the pups, which are dogs of a first-rate appearance.—*Fife Herald*.

WHEN Frederick the Great rode through and about quiet Potsdam, on his old Mollwitz grey, he was often surrounded by a swarm of street urchins, with whom he sometimes joked. They called him "Papa Fritz," touched his horse, took hold of his stirrup, kissed his feet, and sang popular songs, one of which the old king was fond of hearing, "Victoria! with us is God, the haughty foe lies there." One Saturday afternoon they carried the matter so far, that Frederick, raising his crutch-handled cane, said, "Ragamuffins, get to school with ye!" but the youngsters shouted out, "Ha, ha! Papa Fritz don't know that there's no school on Saturday afternoons." Shortly after the Seven Years' War, the king was riding towards Sanssouci; when near the Brandenburg gate, he remarked an old fruit-woman, who still retained her post; greeting her as heretofore, "Well, mother, how has the times used you?" "Why, pretty well; but where have you been so long?" "Don't she know that I have carried on the war for seven years?" "How should I know that! besides, what's that to me! Rabble fight and rabble slay, and rabble are friends another day." Frederick laughed, and said to General Ziethen, who was riding by his side, "We've regularly caught it! did you hear her?"—*Critic*.

From the U. S. Service Magazine.—Editorial.

ARM AND EMPLOY INDIANS.

THE North-eastern boundary question, Texas annexation, occupation of Oregon—for, *de facto*, it is occupied—all these of late years, nay, of recent occurrence; the old Northern boundary question, which gave to the United States portions of British territory, to which they well knew, and scarcely pretended, that they had a shadow of a right; our Canadian possessions and New Brunswick shaved of most valuable tracts; successful opposition to our attempts to destroy the infamous traffic in slaves; and a continuance, nay, a strenuous maintenance, of the principles of this inhuman, unchristian, and uncivilized "institution,"—surely this is sufficient to open our eyes to the fact, that, respected and even dreaded as we are by the greatest powers of the world, yet a people, sprung from the dregs of our own land, who set at nought the examples of older nations, glorying in the exception they make to the acknowledged laws of civilized countries, which they set at defiance, and led on by the truckling spirit we have always evinced in our political dealings with them, now treat with contempt our remonstrances, and, elate with the hundred victories gained by their cunning over our diplomatists, are now progressing from less important acts of impudent aggression to more open bullying, and scarcely attempt to disguise the preliminary measures they have adopted to deprive us of a territory which is as much our own by every possible right as one of the counties of Great Britain.

If the prosperity, the existence of our North American colonies is at all to be considered, it ought surely to be known that day by day is declining that reliance and dependence upon the mother country, which is the most certain pledge of the loyalty of a colony. When the conviction once reaches the mind of the colonist, that Great Britain is losing her power on the continent of America, the first trench will be opened, which will go no little way to undermine his faith in the superiority of the country to which he owes allegiance; and once allow this idea to take possession of his mind, then farewell to his loyalty and the finest colony belonging to the British crown.

We are blinding ourselves to the growing arrogance of a people hardly civilized in some of their principles, but strong in their physical power and the fortuitous circumstance of their locality, which enables them to defy the more advanced opinions, tenets, and examples of European nations, and induces them to take their stand on a distant continent, solitary in their form of government, solitary in their constitutional disregard of honor and its obligations, condemned by the powers of the world, and held up to odium for their singular opinions and political dishonesty.

"The mode of appropriating to itself territories to which other nations have a right, introduces a monstrous novelty, endangering the peace of the world and violating the sovereignty of nations."

The dignified protest of the Mexican government, (for it can hardly be construed into a declaration of war,) against the unwarrantable measures adopted by the government of the United States for the annexation of Texas to the Union, speaks home to the jealous watchfulness of other nations. It asks the question quietly and unostentatiously, will other powers stand by, looking on at the wanton disregard to the law of nations, justice and

common honesty, displayed by the late acts of the American government, and leave me, the weaker state, to fall a victim to an unprincipled act, without stretching out a hand to save me? One point in this affair which deserves notice, is the underhand manner in which the United States government has acted through the whole transaction. On the one hand, it is said to Mexico—agree to an armistice for the present, whilst we endeavor to arrange a compromise for you with Texas; at the very same time was the Federal government in treaty with Texas on the subject of annexation. Mexico was deluded into quiescence whilst American troops were crowded upon the frontier, to back, with an imposing armed force, the forthcoming question.

If the "war hatchet is dug up" between the American Union and ourselves, which sooner or later must happen, our North American colonies, particularly Canada, will be in jeopardy; for no sudden or immediate measures can place them in a respectable posture of defence. We have an extensive and naked frontier, on our side but thinly peopled, and that by a disaffected race. The few harbors we possess on the lakes are not defended. We have no navy, unless two or three worthless steamers can be so considered, to protect the corn-growing frontier of Upper Canada.

The Canadas consist of little more than the bare frontier, (excepting part of Canada east,) for the back settlements are as yet but newly sprung into existence, and would as easily fall a prey to an invading army as they would, by so doing, prove the ruin of that portion of the colonists, upon whom alone dependence can be placed.

Cross the line into the States' territory, and we find a numerous population of hardy and acclimatized backwoodsmen, to whom the rifle has been "a limb" from boyhood, with an instinctive genius for bush-fighting, a natural love of danger and excitement, and an inherent hatred to anything and everything bearing the name of British.

The population of that part of the Union bordering upon our possessions, outnumbers the mixed population of the Canadas as eight to one; their waters swarm with steamers, convertible in an instant into a most formidable armament; their militia are thoroughly armed and equipped, and respectably trained, conversant with the nature of the country, and, like all the borderers, most cordially detesting, and eager for an opportunity of attacking the British.

What, then, is the probable fate of the Canadas in the event of war? And war, we repeat, is nearer than is imagined.

If the Texas affair is passed over, it only gives them a fresh animus to carry out their intentions with regard to the Oregon. Whether the Texas annexation ought to have been permitted is *autre chose*. Let us for an instant transpose the question to Europe. Suppose that a large island in the channel, belonging to England, uncultivated, and thinly peopled, offered advantages to an emigration movement from our neighbor, France; that, from the nature of the soil being suitable for the growth of the vine, French emigrants had been invited to locate themselves, receiving all the protection and privileges of their adopted country; that after a while, increasing in numbers, and disliking the form of constitution, religion, &c., of their new government, they suddenly take it into their heads to declare themselves the lords and masters of the island; have their independence recognized by

France and other powers; no sooner than which is perfected, than they say, "Now, we cannot take care of ourselves, we will hand over the island to our old country." Would this be tolerated for a moment by any European power? In point of international law, can one state hand itself over to another without consent of other powers?

If the loafing population which poured into Texas from the United States, had, in course of time, outnumbered the Mexicans, been unlawfully oppressed, so that it was incumbent on them as men to defend their own rights, what could be said against it? But the reverse was the fact. Emigrants were invited by the Mexicans certainly, but it was with their eyes open that they became Mexican subjects, and they knew the laws—the established religion. It was not by continued and ill-judged oppression, such as caused the severance of the North American States from the British crown, which excited them to rise; but it was a wanton act of rebellion, in which the Americans (for Texas never existed but in name; and as to their reputation, God help them!) succeeded in wresting from its rightful owners an extensive and fertile country, and in which they were most shamefully, most unprecedentedly countenanced by the powers of Europe.

The annexation is thought to have been a sudden determination. It was settled and determined upon years ago, as the occupation and possession of Oregon is at the present moment; but the public mind, even of Americans, must be worked to a sufficient pitch before even a Yankee president dares to bring forward such monstrously impudent measures. John Bull has the satisfaction of being done for the hundredth time by Yankee cunning.

From the North Pole to the Gulf of Mexico, from Newfoundland to the Pacific, the Americans declare the "stars and stripes" must wave. Well have they commenced, and if by superior rascality they attain their object, bloodless and unopposed, we may at least flatter ourselves that we lose our colonies by our own supineness, and not by any decay of our old military power.

Strange as it may appear, the only class of Her Majesty's subjects in Canada, in whom a spirit of loyalty is inherent, is that race whom we have supplanted in their own soil, and which, driven from their homes and hunting-grounds into remote corners of the colony, and oppressed in many ways, yet retain in a high degree a spirit of affection and loyalty to their "White Mother," to which a majority of the inhabitants of Canada are perfect strangers.

It is much to be deplored that this fine race of men, who are suffered to waste away without an effort to save them from total annihilation, who are, to use a beautiful and figurative expression of one of themselves—

"Melting away like snow before the sun"—

who are not considered worthy of any attempt to improve their condition, should be less thought of than the senseless black of Africa, on whom millions are annually expended.

There is nothing to prevent the Indian of North America becoming a useful member of society; and, in the present state of affairs, a great service would accrue to the colonies by collecting and organizing the numerous bands which still exist, and who would, when brought into a state of discipline, be most efficient in the species of warfare

which we may always expect in North America. In a few months, a body of Indians might be organized and sufficiently disciplined to enable them to act in concert with regular troops.

Although, with these people, strict discipline would be as irksome as unnecessary, yet for all the purposes of bush-fighting, and even acting in a body, a point of discipline might easily be arrived at, in every way sufficient to render their coöperation with an army most efficient, and for all the details of out-post duty, &c., it is unnecessary to remark, that the Indian is the *ne plus ultra* of a guerillier. Nothing could be objected to, on the score of humanity, to making use of Indians in war, for they are much more humanized than in the old wars, and the system of scalping, &c., is, even by the Indians themselves, now looked upon with disgust.

At the present moment the returns of the Indian department would show that the tribes located in the provinces of British North America could afford a draught of 8,000 or 10,000 fighting men. In Western Canada alone from 3,000 to 4,000 Indians might be collected and enrolled for service. The nations of Chippeways, Hurons, Wyandots, and Pattawatomes, and several smaller tribes, could bring into the field an imposing body of warriors, and, under proper leading, would form an admirable defence to that exposed frontier. Any one who is aware of the feeling of dread which the Americans have to the vicinity of Indians, may imagine what a "moral effect" a body of 5,000 Indian warriors would have with the pugnacious sympathizers on the borders.

The equipment of ten Indians would cost about the same sum which it takes to provide and equip one militia man. And as each Indian in Canada costs the government from £3 to £4 per annum, it follows that the sum expended with little benefit to the Indian and none to government, would furnish a most efficient force to take part in the defence of the country. A rifle, knife, and tomahawk, and blanket, complete his kit. His commissariat travels on his back, or in his rifle. The sky is his tent, under which, after a march of forty or fifty miles, he sleeps as contented as the soldier in his barrack-room. His power of enduring hunger, fatigue, and cold, is proverbial; his qualities in war well known. They would be only too glad to avail themselves of the chance of being employed, and on the first requisition for volunteers, a thousand war-whoops would be raised, a thousand strong arms and steady eyes would be ready to "strike the war-post" for their Great Mother. Depôts might be formed at some of the principal Indian stations, where the warriors could be collected under their chiefs, and organized into a regular force, either for temporary or permanent service.

It would not only be rendering a service to humanity by giving employment to the Indians, and thus saving them from the consequences of their present state of idleness and irregular mode of life, but would give to Canada a disposable force of a most efficient kind, either to oppose the designs of their troublesome neighbors, or to act with effect against internal commotion.

In Colonel Shaw's exposition of the resources of the Canadas, the Indians are mentioned in anything but flattering terms; but we must imagine that the usual prejudice against this unfortunate race has something to do with it, and very few have opportunities of studying the character of the

Indian in his native woods, and far from the haunts of his conquerors. If they do so, they will find that they are not nearly so "black as they are painted," but, on the contrary, have in them a great deal to admire, and as much humanity as most of our own white selves.

The colonel's assertion that, "it is horrible to employ them—they take no prisoners, or, if they do, it is only to destroy them by torture," is a mistaken notion. That, in the old wars, they were savage in the extreme, is very likely, but we doubt of any instance of the kind occurring of late years; and in the rebellion the other day, the Indians were found of the greatest service, and not a complaint was raised against them on any score whatever; they are perfectly subordinate, and under proper leaders, can be kept under as perfect subjection as regular troops.

The colonel says, "We shall be obliged to employ them, for if we do not, the enemy will be sure to do so." We do not think there are ten British Indians who would join the Americans against their "Great Mother;" but if they were not employed by us, they would most assuredly fight on their "own hook," when, indeed, the evils mentioned might be brought about, so that policy, principle and humanity, all concur in recommending the Indians to be organized.

The drunken, lazy vagabond, hanging about the large towns, should not be taken as a fair sample of the Indian; but without joining amongst the wild tribes of the provinces, who, by-the-bye, are not to be compared to the "Forest Indian," a splendid race may be met with on the western lakes of Huron and Superior, who are not even yet contaminated by an intercourse with whites. It is from these that an Indian force should be collected, and with a few thousand rifles on the frontier, Bull-frog or Yankee will think twice before they sympathize or rebel again—with a few Red Indians at their scalp ends to remind them of the shortness of life and the whiz of a ready tomahawk.

We conclude with some very appropriate remarks extracted from the Naval and Military Gazette of the 16th August.

"The extraordinary state of mental degradation into which the American colonies of Spain had fallen previous to the Revolution, cannot be better proved than by looking at the present condition of the people who were supposed to have freed themselves from thralldom, and assumed, as it were, a new existence. The expectations that were formed on this head have been unfortunately all thrown over, as in place of assuming a more elevated position in the family of nations, these so-called republics have fallen into a state of anarchy and misrule, and retrograded in every point of morality and civilization. The most striking proof will be found in the apathy shown by one of them, the most powerful as regards extent of territory and actual riches. Mexico has appeared to be asleep, while its active and ambitious neighbor has been stealthily creeping into her territory, introducing her unprincipled adventurers, and finally, in the most unblushing manner, annexing the whole province of Texas to the Union—a piece of unprincipled usurpation never exceeded by the most ambitious of Eastern princes or conquerors. Well have the wily democrats calculated on the weakness of their neighbor, and the distraction existing in its councils, to carry into effect a most barefaced piece of robbery. Both the French and British ministers have protested against this monstrous step of republican ambition; but as it does not materially affect the interests of their

respective nations, they did not conceive themselves justified to carry their opposition to the extremity. In the mean time the poor and imbecile government of Mexico has put forth a declaration of war, only to be laughed at by Messrs. Polk, Calhoun, and their democratic myrmidons. They will, no doubt, sneer at the document in question, although one of the paragraphs places before them an undeniable truth:—

"That this manner of appropriating to itself territories upon which other nations have rights, introduces a monstrous novelty, endangering the peace of the world, and violating the sovereignty of nations."

"If these besotted Mexicans keep a lookout, they will soon see a repetition of this 'monstrous novelty.' California will share the fate of Texas, and finally Mexico itself fall to the invader. This spirit, which has been countenanced by the new president and his secretary, will not stop there. We may have seen, by the proceedings in New Albion, the ardent desire that exists to drive us out of our American colonies, which would have been attempted long since had they dared. The lesson read in the South will, we hope, not be lost in the North, and precautions be taken in time. Two measures we strongly recommend for the defence of Canada—the formation of military, or rather militia, colonies on the frontier, and giving military organization to the Indian tribes within our territory, to whom our government at present affords pecuniary assistance."

CASTING OF THE WELLINGTON STATUE.—On Sept. 6th a number of scientific and literary gentlemen, together with several ladies, witnessed the casting of seventeen tons of metal at the *atelier* of Mr. Wyatt, Dudleygrove, Paddington. The bronze casting was for the fore part of the colossal horse intended for the Wellington statue at the West-end. The hinder part has already been cast, and is now in progress of being finished. The immense body of metal was occasionally seen through the iron door of a huge furnace; it was intensely brilliant, and perfectly fluid. A deep "run" led from the door of the furnace, and conveyed the liquid metal to a large pit wherein the model was deposited. At a given signal an aperture in the front of the furnace was opened, and a hollow noise like that from a volcano was heard. The metal then in a complete state of fusion glided forth like a stream of lava, hissing and spitting as it went along to the model-pit. A thick whitish smoke, like that from burning arsenic, and nearly as mephitic, entirely filled the *atelier*, to the roof, making it dark—a darkness which might be felt below, while the red burning river of metal continued to send forth an almost insupportable heat. In about half an hour the whole seventeen tons had run into the pit in a continuous even flow, giving indication that all was right below. It will take five weeks before the mass can be sufficiently fixed and cool—a period of considerable excitement and suspense to the artist. It is curious that the two principal workmen employed on the occasion are Frenchmen, chosen by Mr. Wyatt for their knowledge in bronze casting. They are two hearty fellows, and stirred up the liquid metal with perfect *nonchalance*, apparently heedless about its having originally been cannon taken from the armies of their country in order to form a statue of Wellington. The coincidence afforded subject for remark among the ladies and gentlemen present.—*Critic*.

From the Critic.

Washington. By M. GUIZOT. Translated by PAUL PARNELL, Esq. E. Painter.

ONE of the most interesting spectacles which can engage the thoughts of social man is that of nations or collective bodies emerging, like the ancient Romans, from comparative obscurity and weakness to distinction and greatness, and as such exerting a vast moral influence over the interests of other states and the destinies of the world. We have here what M. Guizot would style one of the *grand facts* of history combined with all the pleasing adventure of the novel. Next to this, and akin to it, is the rise to glory and immortality of the distinguished patriot, whose character and career appear, and actually are, coeval and co-existent with those of the land honored by being the scene of his nativity. Biography thus becomes the most striking and the most entertaining part of history, as well as that most easily understood. The comparison is at once pleasing and useful, and in the present instance necessary.

The progress of the United States, like that of most colonies, is closely identified with the history of the mother country. It has been remarked by many distinguished Americans, as well as Englishmen, both at the time of the civil war and subsequently, that America owes her freedom to the favorable opinion entertained of her claims at home both in and out of Parliament. This contributed alike to form, regulate, and propel the enthusiasm of her population for a cause in which, to use the words of M. Guizot, they believed "resistance founded upon historical right and upon facts—upon the right of reason and upon philosophy." In accordance with this is the whole past history of the mother country and her dependencies, and therefore M. Guizot justly observes, in the paragraph after that last quoted:—

"It is the honor of England to have deposited in the cradle of her colonies the germ of their liberty. Nearly all, at their foundation, or soon after, received charters which conferred on the colonists the franchises of the mother country.

"And these charters were no vain snare, no dead letter, for they established or admitted powerful institutions, which provoked the colonists to defend their liberties, and to control power whilst they partook of it: the voting of the subsidies, the election of the great public councils, trial by jury, the right of assembling and acquainting themselves with the affairs of the commonwealth.

"Thus the history of these colonies was but the practical and laborious development of the spirit of liberty, growing strong under the colors of the law and the traditions of the country. We may call it the history of England herself."

M. Guizot does not, however, at the commencement of his work allude, as he should, to the distinctive character of the emigrants, the majority of whom were Whigs and Puritans. Cromwell himself, as it is well known, had fully prepared for a voyage across the Atlantic, in the days, if any such were numbered in his history, of his sincerity and enthusiasm. Had the other party been more, or this less numerous, the revolution might have been nothing but an unsuccessful insurrection. It was thus that their religious creed, and the firmness of their faith, and the fire of their religious emotions, proved an invaluable assistance to the success of their arms, and ultimately insured them victory. The novels of Fenimore Cooper will

illustrate and prove the truth of our position. It is necessary to distinguish between the influence exerted by the mother country and the progress of society in the colonies themselves. M. Guizot evidently does not make sufficient allowances for the latter. According to Robertson, whose history of America, as it is one of the most interesting, is also one of the most correct, the colonies were, during a long period and at different intervals, left much to themselves, whilst at others the government at home seemed more careful and jealous of their own powers, and more willing to meddle or to interfere with the colonies, and such was most certainly the character of the British government prior to the commencement of hostilities.

In page 12 M. Guizot evidently contradicts what he had already advanced as to the mutual influence and feeling reciprocated between the mother country and her dependencies, when he observes:—

"Besides this, it was no longer with the crown alone, but with the crown and the mother country united, that the colonies had now to do. Their real sovereign was no longer the king, but the king and the people of Great Britain, represented and confounded in the Parliament; and the Parliament regarded nearly all the colonies with the same eye, and held towards them the same language, that the kings which it had conquered had held not long ago towards themselves."

Speaking of the origin and moral character of the dispute, M. Guizot observes—

"In reality, it was a question of right and of honor, not of property and material interest. The taxes were light, and imposed on the colonists no suffering. But the colonists were men to whom the sufferings of the soul are the most bitter, and who only taste repose in the bosom of satisfied honor. "Of what are we treating, and of what are we disputing? Is it of the payment of a tax of three pence per pound on tea, as too heavy? No: it is the right only which we dispute." Such was, at the commencement of the quarrel, the language of Washington himself, and the public feeling—a feeling, in truth, as politic as it was moral, and which evinces as much wisdom as virtue. The numerous public unions which were formed at this period in the colonies afford a spectacle useful to contemplate; unions local or general, accidental or permanent; chambers of burgesses or of representatives; conventions, congresses, and committees. Men of the most different dispositions then met together; some, full of respect and attachment to the mother country—others, passionately prejudiced in favor of that American country which was being born under their own eyes, and by means of their own hands; the one party afflicted and disquieted, the other ardent and confident; but all governed and united by one and the same sentiment of dignity, and the same resolution of resistance; allowing freely the variety of their ideas and impressions to clash, without producing any disagreement, deep-seated or durable; but, on the contrary, feeling for each other a mutual respect in their reciprocal liberties, and canvassing together the great business of the country with those conscientious regards, that spirit of management and justice which insure success, and make it to be least dearly purchased. In June, 1775, the first Congress, assembled at Philadelphia, resolved to publish a solemn declaration to justify the assumption of arms. Two deputies, one from Virginia, the other from Pennsylvania, Jefferson and Dickenson,

formed part of the committee instructed to compose it. "I prepared (says Jefferson himself) a declaratory resolution. Mr. Dickenson thought it too violent; he preserved the hope of reconciliation with the mother country, and was unwilling to hurt it by offensive words. He was a man so honest and so talented, that even those who did not partake in his scruples had a great respect for him. We begged him to take the resolution and to remodel it in such a manner as he could approve of. He prepared a completely new edition, preserving only the four last paragraphs, and half of the one preceding. We approved it, and reported it to the Congress, which adopted it; thus giving a signal mark of its esteem for Mr. Dickenson, and its extreme desire not to proceed too quickly for any respectable portion of the assembly. The submissiveness of the resolution was generally displeasing, and the pleasure that Mr. Dickenson felt at seeing it adopted gained him a good many voices. After the vote, although all remark was out of order, he could not refrain from rising and expressing his satisfaction, by concluding with these words: "There is in this paper, Mr. President, but one word of which I disapprove; that word is *Congress*." Upon which Benjamin Harrison rose and said, "For my part, Mr. President, there is in this paper but one word of which I approve; that word is *Congress*." "

The time was one most fortunate for the insurrectionists. Lord North was at the head of the administration. Great Britain had attained her zenith of glory, and was thus an object of envy on the continent, and political science and liberal opinions had been diffused both at home and abroad, engendering a proudly ambitious spirit that could not endure to submit to mere hereditary rule and precedent. Nothing was wanted but an unrelenting and unyielding courage at home, and gradual steps of courageous progress, with patience, energy, and activity in the scene of the war. And these were richly manifested by the crown and the colonies; the former being as rash and precipitate as the latter were prudent, united, and steadfast. But one thing more was requisite, without which, probably, all would have failed, and that was a leader combining talent, and courage, and principle, and unyielding perseverance. A number of great men they had, both civil and military, already honored by their fellow-citizens; but these were not sufficient. Amongst the chiefs there must still be a chief, and such was found in Washington.

"He was young, still very young, and already great hopes were entertained of him. Employed as officer of militia, in some expeditions on the western frontier of Virginia, against the French and the savages, he had amazed equally his superiors and his companions—the English governors and the American population. The first wrote to London, to recommend him to the favor of the king; the others assembled in the temples, to invoke the divine protection on their arms, and heard with pride Samuel Davies, an eloquent preacher, exclaim, whilst he was extolling the courage of the inhabitants of Virginia, 'I must mention to you one glorious example: that heroic young man, Colonel Washington, whom Providence has preserved in so signal a manner, doubtless, for some important service that he is called to render to his country.'"

Washington has superior claims to esteem over any of his contemporaries or descendants in fame. Equal and superior in the sterner, though per-

haps deficient in the more brilliant powers, he far excels in the moral, in which he stands alone in his glory, the only modern adorning public life with all the moral splendor of young Greece and Rome. Let us compare him with Nelson, Napoleon, or Byron, and he grows more riveted in our esteem and admiration at every step. Nelson had, indeed, a transparency of intention and straightforwardness of purpose; but this only served to bring out and testify to his restless and aspiring spirit. Nelson had the most implicit faith in himself, and greater daring, with sleepless vigor. Impossibilities were to him but difficulties, and difficulties lost their monster aspect to his sanguine view. He believed it, with Hotspur, to be—

"an easy thing
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon."

War seemed to be his chief craving and reward. Not but that there was some real patriotism, as his letter to Mr. Sucking, after the siege of Bastia proves, wherein he says, "Every man who had any considerable share in the reduction got something; I only am without reward, and my money I find not repaid me; nothing but my anxious interest to serve my country makes me bear up against it; but I am sometimes ready to give all up." But these words were contradicted by others; such as—"I am now but a post-captain, but shall soon be on the top of the tree." "I shall shortly have a Gazette of my own." "Pity! I shall soon be envied."

Of Lord Byron, his friend and encomiast Moore says—"That sort of vanity which is almost inseparable from genius, and which consists in an extreme sensitiveness on the subject of self, Lord Byron, I need not say, possessed in no ordinary degree." We need not refer to the character of Napoleon. How different, how superior, and how isolated in this respect is the character of Washington, of whom M. Guizot says—

"He did nothing which he did not believe to have reason and right to rely upon; so that those of his actions which had not a systematic character humiliating to his adversaries, had, nevertheless, a moral character which commanded respect.

"There prevailed, moreover, the most profound conviction of his perfect disinterestedness. To this great intellectual luminary men willingly confided; this mighty force, which attracted all souls, and insured at the same time their interests, that they should never be given up as a sacrifice, or as instruments to personal and ambitious views."

Like other eminent men, however, he was not to be exempt from suspicion and slander. M. Guizot says, speaking of the latter part of his presidency, "even his integrity was infamously attacked," and then notices the American press, which has ever been distinguished for its scurrility.

"As regarded the attacks of the press, he adopted this language: 'I did not believe—I could not imagine until lately—that it was within the bounds of probability, hardly within those of possibility, that while I was using my utmost exertions to establish a national character of our own, and wished, by steering a steady course, to preserve this country from the horrors of a desolating war, that every act of my administration would be tortured, and the grossest and most insidious representations of them be made, and that, too, in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, to a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket. But

enough of this. I have already gone further in the expression of my feelings than I intended."

M. Guizot throughout the work takes the part of the colonists against England, though he is careful to conceal any direct feeling of hostility towards our country, for which he has professed such a warm predilection. Like his other works, we have here extensive knowledge combined with powers of accurate generalization, but no indication of genius. His political, like his historical knowledge, is the result, no doubt, of close and careful study; but his political principles, so far as they can be gathered, appear to be traditional rather than philosophical or moral, derived from that motley school which sprung up in France after the Restoration. M. Guizot has given almost equal attention to the claims of the biography and the history, the latter of which we have not space to analyze. It is pleasing to see ministers of state and public men directing their energies to a sound and healthy literature, especially connected, as it is in the present instance, with their own experience, guidance, and improvement. They may here learn, in the closing words of our author:—

"Government, in all times and in all places, will be the grandest employment of the human faculties, and, consequently, that which requires the loftiest souls to undertake it. It is thus to the honor as well as the advantage of society, that they should be drawn out and yoked to the administration of affairs. There are no institutions, no guarantees which can supply their place.

"And as for them, let them remember that with all men worthy of this destiny, every feeling of fatigue or sadness, legitimate though it may be, is still a weakness. Their mission is to labor; their recompense is the success of their work, and this is only to be attained by toil. Often is it their lot to die, pressed down by the weight of their task, long before they can receive its recompense. Washington did receive it. He deserved, and he tasted success and repose. Of all the great men that have ever existed, he was at once the most virtuous and the most happy. The Almighty has no higher favors to grant in this transitory world."

We have only to add that Mr. Parnell has performed his office with fidelity and elegance, and this is the highest praise that can be awarded to a translator.

VIEWS OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.—Mr. Gaillardet, the eminent editor of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, is now in Europe, and the last number of that paper contains an account of an interview between himself and M. Guizot at his country seat, near Passy. After speaking of M. Guizot in those terms which his distinguished capacity, elevated position, and pure character demand, Mr. Gaillardet thus proceeds: "Our conversation turned, as you may easily suppose, on America, and the questions now in agitation there. M. Guizot treats these subjects in a manner at once dignified, national, and liberal. His views he has already expressed at the Tribune. He respects the rights of the Americans, and recognizes their legitimate ambition. He profoundly sympathizes with this great people, whom he regards as the missionaries of civilization, liberty, order, and industry in the new world; but France must desire (*doit désirer que*) the American Union, while carrying out her high and vast mission, to respect the nationalities on her borders. When he declared in the Cham-

bers that France was interested in maintaining the equilibrium existing between the different powers of America, M. Guizot did not, in my judgment, mean that France should endeavor to establish in the western hemisphere an equality of strength between the various powers existing there—this would be chimerical—but that France should desire to see rights already existing treated with respect. This is, notwithstanding all that has been said, a just and honorable policy, which abridges in nothing the legitimate sphere of action of the American people. The Union is regarded by M. Guizot, as by every statesman imbued with a national spirit, as an ally, and not as an enemy."

This language would not perhaps have any peculiar significance, did it not so closely tally with M. Guizot's remarkable speech on the subject of the annexation of Texas—that "*il behooves France*" (*il lui appartient*) to preserve the balance of power in the western hemisphere; and this is what Mr. Gaillardet evidently means—"existing rights are to be respected"—the "nationalities on her borders," i. e. Mexico, California, Canada, Oregon, Guatemala, "are to be respected."

WE have all heard of wheat and other grain, inclosed in the cerecloths of mummies of the time of the Ptolemies, having preserved its vitality during three thousand years, and fructifying in our own climate; even yet more wonderful is the case of the animalcule, which, living in water, if deprived of that element, dries to dust, and revives at a future period when water shall be supplied to it.

The power of vitality, so wonderfully conspicuous in the vegetable kingdom, which enables a seed to retain its vegetating power though dormant for many years, has a remarkable analogy with the revivification of some of the animalcules. "The *Rotifer redivivus*, or wheel animalcule, can live only in water, and is commonly found in that which has remained stagnant for some time in the gutters of houses. But it may be deprived of this fluid, and reduced to perfect dryness, so that all the functions of life shall be completely suspended, yet without the destruction of the vital principle; for this atom of dust, after remaining for years in a dry state, may be revived in a few minutes by being again supplied with water."* Other animalcules exhibit the same phenomenon; and the analogy is still further carried on by the fact well known to gardeners, that seeds which have been long kept, will vegetate more surely if soaked for some time in water before they are planted.

Every discovery, in whatever science, seems more and more clearly to point to simplicity of design and unity of purpose in nature:—Where the same course and method will accomplish a similar end, a different one seems never to be adopted. All the researches of modern physical science, though they may place new objects and new substances within our view, tend to lessen, not enlarge, the list of elementary bodies;—and all investigations into the organized parts of creation teach us to refer more and more to a few simple principles, modified, indeed, by the nature and requirements of each species, but all pointing to the same law, which appears to prevail throughout the universe, that nothing shall be unnecessarily complicated.—*Vegetable Physiology*.

* Roget, Anim. and Veget. Phys., vol. i., p. 62.